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COMPLIMENTS OF

NOBLE L. PRENTIS.

A KANSAN ABROAD.

PIKE OF PIKE'S PEAK.

THE WORLD A SCHOOL.



A

KANSAN ABROAD.

BY

NOBLE L. PRENTIS.

SECOND EDITION.

TOPEKA, KANSAS:
GEO. W. MARTIN, KANSAS PUBLISHING HOUSE.
1878.

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PREFATORY.

The letters collected in this volume, under the general title of **A KANSAN ABROAD**, appeared in the Topeka *Commonwealth* during the summer and autumn of 1877.

The sketch, **PIKE OF PIKE'S PEAK**, was first delivered at Topeka, February 19th, 1877, under the patronage of the Kansas State Historical Society. Afterward, in the cheerful month of March, the author went around the country with his production in the form of a "lecture." It was not as funny as was expected, and, as a lecture, was not an overwhelming success. It now appears for the first time in print; and may it find more readers than it ever did hearers.

THE WORLD A SCHOOL, originally delivered as a commencement-day address before the Kansas State Agricultural College, was published in pamphlet form by order of the Board of Regents of that institution, and shortly after its delivery it appeared in several Kansas newspapers. It is believed that the pamphlets and newspapers have all been used up by this time, and that there are people who will welcome the address in a preservable form.

N. L. P.

TOPEKA, February, 1878.

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A KANSAN ABROAD.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

COMING down town in New York on the morning of July 4th, 1877, at an early hour, there was not much bunting visible flying from residences or public buildings, but when the pier was reached from which the harbor could be surveyed, a different sight was presented. Everything afloat was gay with the red, white and blue. A ship is always national. It is a fragment of the country floating out to sea. In the most secluded harbor of the most remote land, or in the midst of ocean, the hail is always promptly responded to with "The American ship, John Smith," and the "old gridiron" gracefully waves the same reply.

But it is severe on an American's feelings to cross to Jersey City on such a morning, with his country's flag waving everywhere, and take passage on a British ship. It was doubly trying for one among whose childish recollections was numbered the launch of the magnificent Collins steamer Baltic, and who remembered the pride with which Americans looked on the Collins line, now swept from the ocean. But there was no help for it. Our marine has been protected too much, or too little—I do not

pretend to know which; and if you wish to go abroad now from New York, you must do so under the shadow of a foreign flag.

The Bothnia lay at her pier, long and huge and black, the latest success in ship-building of the house of Cunard, for fifty years the most successful of ship owners. Think of it—fifty years sending ships to sea, and never yet with a vessel lost! Luck is nowhere in comparison with this. And, by-the-way, if you wish to go to England you had better embark on a Cunarder. You get there ten days earlier, at least, by the operation, for when you step on deck in New York you are in Great Britain already. It's all British, from the keel up. The massiveness and plainness of everything about you, the ponderous wood-work and brass-work, utterly destitute of ornament, show you that you are among people who are all for solidity, and opposed to "flummery, you know."

Like ship, like man. Whether the officers of the Cunard ships are built on the Clyde for the use of the company, I cannot say, but I am inclined to think so. The commander of the Bothnia, Capt. McMickan, a relative perhaps of the veteran hotel navigator who walks the quarter-deck of the Teft House, was standing about when I reached the pier, and various subordinates were scattered around. They looked enough alike to be cousins—big, bluff, red-faced fellows, with a width of shoulder and a circumference of abdomen fearful for a small passenger to contemplate. All of course wore the Cunard uniform, of solid dark blue, and not unlike that of our naval officers. I do not suppose a cannon ball could knock one of these officers over. Yet, with all their mastiff-like looks, they are not bad fellows, and certainly they know their business.

We were to start at ten o'clock, but we did not. There was a

great crowd of passengers to embark, and no end, it seemed, of baggage, and there was hurrying to and fro. In the meantime, having nothing else to do, I wondered whether the Bothnia proposed to do anything about "the Fourth." In time she did. Bang! went a gun, then another, and the white and crimson and azure of the American ensign rose to the fore, and long lines of gay-colored flags commenced rising higher and higher, creeping over the ends of the yards to the mast-heads until they formed three lofty arches of flags, and the great Bothnia was dressed like a bride.

The deck was crowded with passengers and their friends, but at last the bell rang impatiently as a signal for the land's-people to go ashore; and then the kissing—but it's of no use for one man to try to describe everything. The deck was cleared of all save those who were to go, a tug commenced puffing and laboring somewhere about, and, backing nearly across the river, the huge mass swung slowly around, and just as her prow faced seaward it was noon on the Fourth of July. A flash broke from the dark side of an American man-of-war lying in the stream, there was a puff of smoke and a crash, then came another tongue of fire and cloud of smoke from the dark ports of Castle William, and then the boom of a gun, and, looking down the harbor, a cloud of smoke was seen rising about the forts at the Narrows. And so, greeted by the joyful guns announcing the 101st anniversary of American Independence, the Bothnia went to sea.

I am not going to give a journal of the voyage. It was as uneventful as a trip from the corner of Sixth and Kansas avenues to North Topeka. The ocean was, day after day, as calm as a duck pond. There was no rolling, no tumbling about, and the

notes which this author had prepared in advance, describing the horrors of sea-sickness, proved of no use. There was little of it on board, and the few sufferers retired to their state-rooms and there remained.

Among three hundred passengers all sorts of people were to be found. No very distinguished people, however, sailed in the Bothnia. There was Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, looking round-shouldered and haggard after his tremendous exertions for Mr. Samuel J. Tilden; and there was Mrs. Hewitt, a daughter of Peter Cooper, and Miss Hewitt, a nice girl who played very well on the banjo. There was Mr. Joseph Seligman, a portly old Hebrew of benevolent aspect, who was once refused admission to Mr. Hilton's hotel at Saratoga, whereat there was a great row; there was a big fellow named Corbin, said to be a South Carolina Republican politician of eminence; there was Mr. George Jones, of the *New York Times*, whom nearly everybody on board supposed till the last moment was a Scotchman returning to his native land; and there was Col. Chambers, U. S. A., going to Turkey. Of course, somebody "formerly of Kansas" had to be on hand: the representative this time was Gen. A. L. Lee, formerly of Doniphan county, and known to all old Kansas citizens and soldiers.

Antipathies and friendships are formed very readily on ship-board, and last for the voyage. The association at table usually lays the foundation for acquaintance. At "our end" of our table was Mr. Robert Hemingray, of Covington, Kentucky, a brother of Judge Hemingray, formerly of Leavenworth, and with him his daughter, Miss Mintie Hemingray. There was a fine straight German, with a white mustache and imperial, Mr. George Ritter, of Vera Cruz, Mexico, who from over thirty years' residence in

that country, interspersed with many trips to all parts of the world, had acquired the languages and the graces of half a dozen peoples. To Herr Ritter, with his good stories, told in English, interspersed with French, Spanish and German, the undersigned, and the members of the late "Club Mexique," will always feel indebted, and especially the member known in the society as "Mr. Kansas." Then there was Mr. Jolly, a Scotchman, from Tampico, Mexico, the most successful conundrum-maker on board; then there was the Fitzgerald family, from Toronto, "douce honest" people; and occasionally there was talk from a young lady, born in Switzerland, who had lived long in the province of Courland, Russia, and who was voyaging to Sweden.

As I have said, the voyage was uneventful. The ocean was quite tame. Occasionally a whale spouted; occasionally a lot of porpoises gamboled about the ship; occasionally a sailing vessel came into sight and faded out of it, or a steamer glided by—and that was all. There were five meals a day, and some people devoured all of them; there was a small library, but reading at sea is not a success. They got up concerts in the saloon, and there was divine service on Sunday. According to the regulations of the Cunard line, the captain read the Episcopal service. I heard the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales prayed for for the first time; a petition was also inserted for the President of the United States. An American preacher followed, a good-natured old gentleman, who seemed desirous of praising everything British, and who, figuratively speaking, took a seat between the hind legs of the British lion and wrapped the tail of that noble beast about his neck.

It was to be only ten days at sea, but we longed for land. I shall not soon forget when I saw it again.

It was on the morning of the 13th of July—in the early, misty morning. Looking afar we saw something like a low-lying cloud. They said it was Ireland. Then a little boat came dancing across the waves with "Cork Pilot" on her sails. Then there was something ahead that looked like a ship, but it did not move; the mist came down and shut it out, then lifted again, and there, like a great white uplifted finger, was Fastnet lighthouse standing on its gray rock in the midst of the waves. Then the curtain of mist was uplifted everywhere, and we glided along in full sight of the bold shores, purple and gray, crested with the green fields, bright indeed as any emerald, of Ireland. So we passed the bold "Old Head of Kinsale," and off the entrance of Queenstown harbor the ponderous engines of the *Bothnia*, for the first time in nine days, stood still. Again we heard guns, but this time it was the sullen roar of British cannon from the forts on the dark heights at the harbor's mouth. A tender came off and took some passengers and the mail. We could see little of Queenstown, and I remembered little of it, save that here is buried an obscure Irish clergyman, whose little poem, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," has stirred the hearts of two nations.

The tender moved off, and the great engines heaved and throbbed again. The next day at noon we saw a forest of masts; great docks; miles of frowning warehouses; giant steamers plowing to and fro, everywhere the marks of boundless wealth, iron courage, immense mechanical skill, tireless industry—this was Liverpool—this was England.

SOME FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

IT is a solemn thing for a Kansas man to land in Liverpool on a rainy day. Coming from an open country full of brightness and lit up by a cloudless sun, the bigness and blackness, the inner and outer darkness of Liverpool is well-nigh appalling. A turbid river, foaming and tossing like the sea; steamers black as midnight plowing to and fro; miles of low-lying warehouses, their slate roofs gleaming dimly in the rain; spires and chimneys looming up spectrally in the mist; docks that seem the work of giants, skirting the stream as far as the eye can reach; ships' masts like the trees of a girdled forest; ship-yards a maze of timbers;—these are the outlines of Liverpool as seen from the steamer's deck.

The American republican realizes, too, that he has, in our parlance, "struck" a new sort of government. The tugs that circle around bear such names as the "British King," the "Queen," the "Royal George," and the British lion ramps everywhere and in every color and attitude—with his head and tail up, and with both those extremities down; on four legs, and two legs; having his everlasting controversy with the unicorn, or "going it alone." He can be spread out in more shapes than the American eagle, and the British artists put him through more crookednesses than were ever attained by a circus contortionist.

But there are familiar things everywhere. Leaving the land-

ing stage and turning into Water street, the first thing this writer saw was a poster announcing the virtues of Perry Davis's Pain Killer. Was it not a noble thought?—America stretching out her hand with a bottle of Perry Davis's Pain Killer to soothe the anguished bowels of England! Gen. Grant did not need to come to promote harmony between countries which cure the same kind of stomach-ache with the same medicine.

Walking along the streets, one is impressed with the enormous strength and solidity of everything—the pavements of great stones; the warehouses which look as if they had stood for all time and were ready for eternity; the plate-glass windows; the enormous amount of brass-work everywhere; and the big knockers on the doors, which would break in an American door. Everything is in the same proportion: horses as big as elephants, shod with high-corked shoes, hauling a load for a small locomotive, go clanking up and down the rocky ways; and omnibuses are rolling about, drawn by three great horses abreast; and the street car, lately introduced, is a huge, lumbering contrivance, with a circular stairway for the people to climb up on top—for English people love to ride outside in the rain.

The greatness of England extends even to these little things; but the fierce pride of this people, their unconquerable bull-dog courage in war, is commemorated everywhere in great works. The docks, the like of which exist nowhere else, bear the names of Waterloo, Trafalgar and Nelson. Wellington looks afar from the top of an enormous pillar, and Nelson is everywhere in stone and in bronze. Liverpool sprang from the sea, and the name of the greatest of England's sea fighters is naturally the most prominent. Next to Nelson and Wellington, the most frequent name is that

of the statesman Canning, who was a Liverpool man. It is odd, but a name quite as well known in America as any of these is that of Mrs. Hemans, who was born here, yet she has no monument.

The public buildings are enormous, all of stone, and built to last forever. I should imagine that no sensible earthquake would presume to attack them. St. George's Hall, the Museum, the new Art Gallery, the Exchange, the City Hall—all huge and all black. Take, for illustration, the capitol at Topeka, make it four times as large, and then paint it all over with a mixture of equal parts of soot and rain-water, and you have some idea of Liverpool public architecture. I will not venture to go into details as to the expense of these things. It is safe to say that the cost of the public buildings of Liverpool is equal to the annual revenues of many a kingdom.

And yet they call this a new town. A Liverpool man apologizes for the youth and rawness of his town—it is only four or five hundred years old, and you must make allowances. It is not only a new town, but it is a growing town. Blocks on blocks of new buildings are being built on what but a few years ago were green fields.

American tourists do not, as a rule, I think, visit Liverpool. It is only a stopping-place, and yet it seems to me that the second city in the kingdom is well worth a prolonged visit. American commerce has been a great stay of this city, and the intercourse has left its trace. In my rambles about the town I met with Washington street, Maryland and Baltimore streets, and other traces of the influence of America. The American population must be considerable, and American goods are everywhere advertised.

There is much to see in Liverpool—more than at first sight would be suspected. I will now mention but one place of interest, the free library and museum.

The American idea is, that the nobility of a country are a nuisance—a relic of a barbarous time; that an aristocracy grinds down the people and wrings from them their hard earnings, and is generally and specially a curse. In England, however, I am inclined to think the people get their money back, and perhaps a little more; and the museum is a case in point. There was once a cock-fighting Earl of Derby—which you will understand is not Derby, but “Darby.” This old rooster had a passion for all the fowl creation—beginning with game-cocks, and extending to everything that wore feathers. He ransacked the world for birds, and there is a story that when he was about to shuffle off this mortal coil, he requested that a couple of game-cocks be pitted on his bed where he could see them fight; and so he literally “died game.” His immense collection of birds was bequeathed to the free library and museum of Liverpool, where it may now be seen. I am free to say that I have never seen its like, and that the Smithsonian collection at Washington is small in comparison. The museum is very extensive in other departments, but I would say to an American, don’t forget to go to the museum and see the birds.

I visited, also, the free library in search of some information about the bloody British cavalryman, Banastre Tarleton, who made us so much trouble in the Carolinas during the Revolution, and who after the war returned to Liverpool, and for years represented the borough in Parliament. I found his own account of his campaigns, a straightforward, soldiery story enough, and quite complimentary to Gen. Washington; but could find nothing about

the man himself, nor could I find a man in Liverpool who knew anything about him, although Banastre and Tarleton streets are ancient thoroughfares in the city. Such is fame on the different sides of the Atlantic.

I think Liverpool is somewhat overlooked by American travelers. Doubtless, a prejudice exists because Liverpool was so strongly Southern in sympathy during the Rebellion, and the name of the Alabama is associated with that of Birkenhead, just across the Mersey. This should not, however, work injustice to a really interesting place, and one of the great seaports of the world.

It may be proper to say that I was placed under great obligations, while in Liverpool, to Mr. Joseph E. Worrall, a brother of Prof. Henry Worrall, of Topeka. This gentleman exercised a hospitality which could not possibly be exceeded on our side of the Atlantic; and as a proof that good qualities run in families, the writer will say that one of the brightest days of his life was spent in the old town of Chester with Walter Worrall, the son of one and nephew of the other of the Worralls aforesaid.

VERY OLD ENGLAND.

TALKING with a friend in Liverpool, one day, I said, "I believe all Americans go to Chester?" "Yes," he responded, with truly British directness; "all who have any sense do." Accordingly I decided to go to Chester.

We crossed by the railway boat to Birkenhead, and by railway, third-class, to Chester. It is time for some American tourist to arise and confess that while in England he did ride third-class, and did not stop at the Langham in London, and I will assume the responsibility.

Riding third-class, no "noble jukes" or members of the royal family were found in the compartments, but several very respectable-appearing men, and among them a manufacturer from one of the suburbs of Liverpool, who had a melancholy interest in America, from the fact that he had not long before lost a son in the wreck of the ill-fated *Circassian*, on the Long Island coast. To this gentleman I was much indebted for information during the first part of a long stroll in the quaint old town of Chester.

It is questionable if anybody knows the real age of Chester. I am quite sure I do not. For all I know to the contrary, Adam may have been one of the original town company. At any rate, it is very, very old. The Saxons had a town on this pleasant spot by the river Dee, and the Romans built a wall there, and the Normans came and ravaged around after their fashion; and all sorts

of queer people, now happily dead, built queer houses for the Americans, the last race of men made, to come and look at.

An odd old town is Chester, with streets that crook every way; with black-faced old houses that lean over and look at you as you pass; with a great square-towered cathedral that lifts its high-shouldered roof above everything else; and finally, with a famous old wall which circles around, in and out and everywhere—crossing the streets on arches, keeping company for a while with a slow-going canal, then crossing the railroad, then passing under the walls of a castle, and so on “to the place of beginning.”

Chester has three special objects of pride: “The Rows,” the cathedral, and the walls; but before seeing any of these we went to a place called the “Old Kitchen.” It seems that Chester had the bad taste to adhere to that “man of blood, Charles Stuart,” who lost finally a head which appears to have been of very little service to him or to the kingdom. On the restoration of the Stuarts, in the person of Charles II—that exceedingly frisky monarch—there were “high jinks” in Chester, and the cavaliers met at this “Old Kitchen” to sing profane catches and glees, greatly to the disgust, doubtless, of the godly people who lived in a house not far off, on the front of which may be seen to this day the words, “God’s Providence is Mine Inheritance.” The room is surrounded by high-backed oaken chairs, all side by side, where the convivial sat and sang, probably till a late hour, as the chairs are so contrived that it is difficult to fall out of them.

“The Rows” are a feature of Chester. For whole blocks the upper stories of the houses project over, precisely like a Western block-house. It is said that this style of building was adopted by the worthy burghers of Chester in order that they might the better pour down arrows, sticks, stones, hot water and other re-

freshments on the heads of the invading Welsh. Under the shadow of these overhanging houses you follow a wide stone pavement, not on a level, but up and down at all sorts of angles. The finest stores in Chester are situated along these arcades, and in rainy weather you can walk all over town without getting wet. Many of these houses are old, their beams black with time; others have been restored in the old form, but of new material, and are very handsome. There is an astonishing number of inns and drinking-places in Chester with old-fashioned names. Drovers are invited by the sign of "The Pied Bull;" pork packers "pass the rosy" at the "Pig and Whistle;" and there is a "White Lion" and an "Old Nag's Head."

The wall was built first, they say, by the Romans, and a few stones laid by them still remain; but endless changes have been made by subsequent builders, till it is like the famous American gun that had a new lock, stock and barrel, but still remained the same gun—in one particular. A broad stone walk runs around the inside of the breast-high parapet, and this walk has been for a long time the pride, the promenade and the play-ground of Chester. The wall follows no grade; it goes up and down, in and out; sometimes it runs under gnarled old trees, then it skirts along the crest of black rocks high above the canal. Sometimes you look down into people's chimneys, and green gardens, and then you have a noble prospect of a fine undulating country for many miles. For some distance it overlooks a broad, green meadow, beyond which is the river Dee, and then it skirts close to the river and you look down at the brown and brawling stream.

An American friend—the sun—shone briefly on us, as we, young Walter and I, made the circuit of this gray and green and red old wall. How indescribably beautiful it was! No written

description, no painter's brush, even, can give an idea of the vivid, velvety green of an English rural landscape, seen through an atmosphere, half sun, half haze. We passed by the tower from whence Charles I saw his army defeated at Rowton Moor, but near by a group of chubby English children were found in a state of great commotion on the wall. Two little girls were weeping, and several short-legged young Britons were running back and forth in bewildered excitement. A little girl's hat had blown "down and out" to the railroad track below, and nobody dared to go down and get it, for the majesty of English law which forbids walking on railroad tracks, stood between the lost hat and its weeping little owner. I am free to say that I cared more for the child and her lost hat than for Charles I and his lost battle. To go on with our walk: we passed under the walls of the castle, and looking up through the embrasures could see the red coats of Her Majesty's 106th Regiment at their drill—but we will talk of soldiers some other time. We passed near this the green meadow before mentioned, on which is situated the race-course of Chester, one of the most famous in the kingdom.

The famous cathedral was twice visited—in the morning and the evening. It has been or is being "restored." It is very old. The Saxons furnished some of the work, and several saints with barbarous names. The Normans added to the pile—probably for piety and pillaging the Normans have never been surpassed. Cromwell took no stock in saints not enrolled in his own regiments. He preferred live saints in buff coats to saints in wood and stone, so everything inside of the building was whitewashed over; but now the whitewash is being scraped off and the old saints are coming up smiling. Many centuries of grease and dirt had accumulated on the curious oaken carvings of the choir,

and the wood was all boiled piecemeal in a solution of potash, and then put together again. The work has gone on under the superintendence of Dean Howson, by voluntary contributions—Dissenters contributing with others—and has cost enormous sums. There is a great chandelier costing a fabulous amount, which will never be lighted again on account of the tremendous heat of the burners. It all forms a wilderness of carving and gilding. I walked about with the verger the customary round, and then stepped alone into the cloisters. Here was no "restoration." Here were pillars gnawed nearly in two by the "corroding tooth of time;" here the groined roof was black with the clouds of years. The cloisters inclosed a little square of shrubbery, green as emerald; the ever old and the ever new were here. Man's work falling to blackness and decay; God's work renewed by the perpetually-recurring miracle of the spring-time. It was easy to people this shadowy place with the dead and gone. Here paced the votaries of an ancient faith; here, under black cowl and gown, were hidden the lives of men; here, perchance, the ambitious dreamed their dreams of churchly power; here, perchance, were quenched the longings of a vain world; here, it may be, some heart did break in solitude.

We attended the choral service in the cathedral in the evening, we saw the procession of robed priests and choristers, and watched the dim shadows gather in the lofty arches overhead, and the light fading out of the gorgeous windows of blue and green and gold. The organ roared like the wind in the tree-tops, and echoed far in the dim and distant chapels, and the boys' voices rose high and clear, or sank soft and low, as they sang of faith in better things beyond; of a temple not made with hands, greater than man has ever builded. And leaving them singing, we took our leave of strange, beautiful old Chester.

OLD SHREWSBURY.

"We fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock."—*Falstaff*.

MOST travelers going from Liverpool to London, take the direct line through Birmingham and the "black country." But it occurred to me that manufacturing cities could be seen in America, and that I had already seen Pittsburgh, the American Birmingham, while, on the other hand, cathedrals and castles a thousand years old could not be seen in my own, my native land—at least, not without waiting until sometime in the year 2776; and so I determined to travel by the Severn Valley route, which takes in its course several very old places, and, besides, affords a panorama of the Welsh mountains. And so, journeying through Chester and Wrexham, I came unto Her Majesty's old town of Shrewsbury.

The first piece of fortune that befell me, was, that by pure chance I came upon a certain English inn, where I did "take mine ease." Such a dignified and gracious landlady, or rosy waiting-maid, or thoroughgoing "Boots," or snowy and mountain-like bed, or pleasant dining-room, I did not expect to see again in all the Queen's dominions, including Great Britain and Ireland and the town of Berwick-on-Tweed.

The view from my bed-room window when I looked out early in the morning, led across the red-tiled and black-slated roofs and amid a little forest of chimney-pots, to a green, which I think they

call in Shrewsbury the Kingsland, and beyond this was a high rise of ground and rows of poplars and scattered hedges, and beyond these the sky.

Looking out the front windows into the street, the view was shut in at a few yards by a curve in the street and the walls of a gray old church, as if the street had politely gone around the building out of respect for its old age. These old English streets do not make abrupt angles, but wind along their narrow way, up hill and down, as sinuous as a snake's track. "Lifting up mine eyes," in scriptural language, I saw the red-sandstone towers of the ancient castle of Shrewsbury, founded a thousand years ago.

A gentleman from Sheffield sat opposite at table; in fact, there was no one else in the room, for the Englishman loves to take his meals as nearly alone as possible, and the *table d'hôte* will be the last thing introduced generally into conservative England. I think he had business to attend to in the city, but if so, he neglected it, for all that blessed forenoon we walked up and down, in and out of all the narrow, shady streets of Shrewsbury, without any definite purpose, talking of a hundred different things, and stopping occasionally to look or to rest.

Shrewsbury is one of the famous old towns of England, really more prominent four hundred years ago than now. In those "good old times" we read about, bloody work was done in the vicinity. Here, on the 21st of July, 1403, King Henry IV met the fiery-hearted Percy, better known by the name made famous by Shakspeare—Hotspur. Here the battle raged all the summer day, until 2,300 gentlemen and 6,000 common soldiers were killed. The next morning, Worcester and two other noblemen captured by the King's victorious forces were beheaded in Shrewsbury,

and afterward, the dead body of the gallant Hotspur having been found, the senseless corpse was beheaded and quartered, and the quarters fixed upon the gates of the town. Those were the "days of chivalry." Into this same town, also, David of Wales, a brother of the famous Llewellyn, was brought in chains and executed with circumstances of horrible barbarity. For whole centuries Shrewsbury was the scene of wars, tumults, skirmishes and sieges. It is all over now, and Englishmen go far away from the old town to die in battle, for, as we stepped into the new church of St. Chad—so called to distinguish it from a very old church of the same name—we came upon the monuments of the men from the vicinity who fell in India during the great mutiny. It seems strange that boys go from these green old fields and shady lanes to lay their bones on the other side of the earth. But you see it everywhere. There is not an old parish church in England that does not contain the memorials of English soldiers who died in Spain, in Belgium, in India, in America, everywhere. The most prominent object in Shrewsbury is the immense column erected in honor of Lord Hill, who fought all over Europe in the great wars against Napoleon, carried on for many bloody years—for what?

One of the glories of Shrewsbury is its grammar school, which had 290 scholars three hundred years ago. Many men famous in England have been educated at this school, but the only one whose name is well known in America is, I regret to say, that of the infamous Judge Jeffries. It seems strange that such a bloody-minded beast could ever have been a school-boy with a soft heart in such a quaint, quiet old town.

My Sheffield friend and I came at last to the castle. It is now

a private residence, and occupied by a family named Downard, though it is the property of the Duke of Cleveland, who seldom or never visits it. We wandered into the court-yard, now devoted to the greenest of grass and the brightest of flowers and clumps of trees and shrubbery, before we were aware that we were on private property. Apologizing to a lady in black whom we met, for the intrusion, we were about to withdraw, when she politely invited us to inspect the premises and enjoy the view from the tower, and gave, beside, much information about the town and vicinity. Standing on the tower we looked down upon the Severn, which runs at the base of the mount on which the castle is built. This was, then, the "gentle Severn with the sedgy bank," that Shakspeare speaks of; and so came back to memory the old lines about the ashes of Wickliffe being cast into the Avon:

"The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
Wide as the waters be."

Our walk was finished at noon, but in the evening I took a long stroll alone, going to "the Quarry," a famous place in Shrewsbury. It is not a quarry at all, but a piece of ground sloping to the Severn, and surrounded on three sides by double rows of immense lime trees, a tree resembling the American linn, but growing to a great height. The trees, many of them planted in 1719, form an archway of green over the path which the sun of noon can hardly penetrate. Then I wandered through the old streets, across the English bridge with its time-worn railing, to the old abbey with a statue, supposed to be that of Edward III, high up in front, facing the sun and storm as it has done for

many centuries. Then, back again across the bridge and down some stone steps to a long winding path beside the Severn, the evening promenade of the Shrewsbury folks, and so along, watching the shadows of the evening clouds in the placid waters till the day was done.

WORCESTER.

LEAVING Shrewsbury, on the Severn Valley road, for Worcester, one has along the way a pleasant view of the Welsh mountains, which are rather great blue hills, reminding one somewhat of the Blue Ridge in Virginia, as seen a long way off. The country grows rougher as you journey on, but nothing grand. So far, the open country I had seen in England reminded me of a reduced copy of something I had seen in America; as, for instance, on this road there is a precipitous town called Ironbridge, which makes one think of Mauch Chunk on a small scale. Not far from here I was pointed out the residence of a Mr. Whitmer, an ironmaster, whose estate extends for miles in every direction. His name was mentioned with more respect than I have noticed used with regard to many noblemen, and I am inclined to think that men like him, who are allied by birth to the middle, or even, as in the case of the elder Stephenson, to the lower classes, are the real leading men of England.

The agriculture of this region was indifferent; the hedges were untrimmed; the fields were poor, and many of them were a perfect blaze of poppies, very ornamental, but quite the reverse of useful. It reminded me of some old country in New England, where all the young men have gone West, and left the old men to knock about with a side-hill plow and a bush scythe.

Worcester, where we arrived in due but not very fast time, is

an ugly town, uglier even than Stratford-on-Avon, (of which we shall speak by-and-by,) because it is larger. It is known best in history on account of Cromwell's fight there, the memory of which is perpetuated in the Guildhall by a cannon and several suits of armor left by the king's forces when they retreated.

Every old English town has its peculiarities and its sights, or some real or affected quality of its inhabitants. Thus, at Liverpool they still relate with infinite glee the story of a coachman in the old coaching days, who described his load as a "gentleman from Liverpool, a man from Manchester, and a fellow from Bolton." Chester has, as I have said, three sights; Shrewsbury has a dozen little "lions;" but Worcester has but two sights, and no more, to interest the traveler. These are the cathedral and the Royal Porcelain Works.

The cathedral has been restored, and is a fine building, with a modern look. They say these restorations are necessary to preserve antique buildings, and yet astonishing stories are told of the solidity of old English structures. Rev. Moncure D. Conway lives in Hammersmith, London, in a dwelling called Hamlet House, which is over one hundred and fifty years old, and was once the residence of Liston, the famous English actor; yet Mrs. Conway assured me that it did not need near the repairs of a modern London residence. They built well in the old time. But to return to Worcester and its cathedral. Chester Cathedral is remarkably destitute of monuments, but Worcester is full of them. One erected to the memory of Lady Charlotte Digby (the work of Chantrey), is singularly beautiful—worthy of Powers, who, in my perhaps not very valuable American opinion, was the greatest sculptor since Phidias. It represents a partially-reclining female

figure, with her hands clasped and her eyes uplifted. The neck, arms and feet are bare, and the latter are the most marvelous things I ever saw in marble. In this church is also buried the wife of Izaak Walton, and there was a "touch of nature" in the inscription in the words introduced in parenthesis, "Alas! that she is dead." There is an abundance of monuments of ancient knights and ladies, lying side by side on their tombs, their poor stone hands clasped. The verger said the way in which a knight's legs were crossed indicated the number of holy wars in which he had been engaged; whereupon the idle and irrelevant reflection occurred to me, that an American editor lying on his tomb with his legs crossed for each of his fights would be a fearfully twisted object.

The gratuity nuisance, at which every American traveler has waxed wrathful, exists in a particularly aggravated form at Worcester Cathedral. Notices are everywhere posted, informing visitors that the vergers are paid by the dean and chapter, and that no gratuities are to be given them, but you are admonished that you must give "at least sixpence" to the poor, and a verger stands over you to see that you do it. This is too mean; but the Houses of Parliament are almost the only "show places" in England where some such sixpenny dodge is not resorted to.

Speaking of cathedrals, they are grand structures; they are history in stone; and I can sympathize with the feeling that leads to their preservation and restoration—but they are unfit for Protestant places of worship. As museums, they are a success; as churches, they are not. They were built for another age and another faith. The ancient monkish carvings, for instance, would by no means be introduced even into a modern Catholic church.

At Chester, the celibate artist has depicted the sorrows of matrimony—we have a woman beating her husband with a broom, etc.; but at Worcester, the carved work is literally “red hot.” All the steps in the fate of the wooden impenitent are portrayed. Here he is condemned; here devils are tying sinners in convenient bundles to burn; here one unusually hard case is being treated to a roast by himself; here another unlucky gentleman is boiling away in a kettle of oil; and the procession of wooden horrors is closed with the figure of a bishop, who, with uplifted finger, seems to be saying to those who would get out for a drink of water or a breath of fresh air, “No you don’t!”

I attended two choral services in cathedrals—one at Chester and another at Worcester; and, notwithstanding the fine music, scarcely anybody was present. Dean Stanley attracts a large congregation on Sunday at Westminster Abbey, for he is one of the greatest men in the Church of England; but the result is, that with one of those great pillars between you and the preacher you cannot hear what he says. The humblest “meeting-house” in America is preferable as a preaching-place to the proudest cathedral.

The cathedral at Worcester does not prevent the Dissenters from being the strongest in the town. Such names as Milton street and Cromwell street indicate the prevalence of the Roundhead blood. I noticed several temperance inns, and even a Temperance street; and somehow I have associated teetotalism in England with liberalism in politics and dissent in religion, while it seems as if the Conservative party and the Establishment “took its tod.” However, total abstinence in England is getting along very slowly in church or state. At the rate of present progress, I should judge

that about twenty thousand years would be required for the Independent Order of Good Templars to acquire a good and sufficient foothold.

The Royal Porcelain Works are well worth a visit. The works have been established about one hundred and fifty years, and claim to make the finest goods in England. The curious in pottery may have noticed the Worcester work at our Centennial Exhibition. The processes by which what look like white rocks and white sand are converted into the most delicate porcelain wares, are very interesting. Nearly everything is done by hand; and here, as in America, it has been found that in certain kinds of burnishing-work women can alone be employed. Here is one "field" where woman is preëminent. Agates are used in burnishing, and I suggested Colorado as a good field to supply the large amount of the stone required. There are six hundred persons employed in the works—all save two of them English. As a curious instance of the biblical truth that there is "nothing new under the sun," I was told that the favorite ware now was of the same pattern as a set made for King George III. If you go to Worcester, do not fail to visit the porcelain works. You can get a pair of nice blue vases there for the sum of only one thousand guineas a pair.

At Worcester, it was my disgusting fortune to meet the first ill-mannered Englishman. It was a youth with a scorbutic countenance, who sold tickets at the Great Western station. This person not only refused to change a Bank of England note, but genteelly intimated that I was a counterfeiter, or a burglar, or a horse-thief for having such a note in my possession. As it was train-time when I received this flattering testimonial to my char-

acter, and there was no chance to get the note changed elsewhere, I was obliged to remain several hours longer in Worcester.

I wandered into the Guildhall, where a court was in session. It was a small affair, and the Justices had no wigs; but as it is impossible to deal out justice in England without something unusual on your head, all the Justices had their hats on. It was some case in which a “workus” was mixed up; and it struck me that their worships looked uncommonly like the beadle in Oliver Twist.

In accordance with the American custom, I went into a newspaper office. The editor, I was sorry to learn, was dead. I trust his life was insured, as otherwise his family were undoubtedly left destitute. The business manager, a fat man with a gracious way, who had worked on a London paper, was very civil. I went into the composing room with him. It looked just as such an institution does in America. The foreman told me that the “tramping jour.” was a regular British institution; so my friend, and everybody’s friend, Mr. Peter Bartlett Lee, will find himself at home should he choose to visit the shores of old Albion. I was shown an old hand-press, and was astonished to see the American eagle roosting thereon. “Hello, old bird,” thought I; “what are you doing here?” The matter was explained when I saw that it was an old “Columbian” press, the “image and superscription” of which may be seen in any history of typography. However, this was not all: I found a new American jobber in operation in the office.

Although I had had a sample of “Worcestershire sauce” from the cub at the railroad station, I looked about for the manufactory

of Lea & Perrin's "justly celebrated" article. The manufactory was not as extensive as I expected; and I fear that what is sauce for Worcester is not sauce for America.

At 4 o'clock p. m. I wended my way to the station, where my imperial friend was graciously pleased to accept a sum in copper and silver in exchange for a ticket to Stratford-on-Avon—of which I may use the entirely original and impromptu expression, "more anon."

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, by merely being born, conferred unmeasured honor on a very stupid, "stale, flat and unprofitable" town—a town which it is a duty to visit and a pleasure to leave; a town where the old houses are not picturesque, and the new ones are not handsome.

The Stratford of Shakspeare's time was probably a cozy hamlet, as comfortable as any English village could be in the "good old time." It was nearer the Avon (which, by the way, is pronounced A-von by those born on its banks), and there were trees and gardens where there are now broad, flat yellow streets lined with ugly houses.

I reached Stratford a few hours "by sun," and looked about for something that would bring back the old time. I found, instead, the programme of a "praise meeting" such as my friend the Rev. Mr. Blakesley holds at his church—though I venture to say the birthplace of the "bard of Avon" does not furnish as good music as Topeka; and also a handbill announcing that the Methodists were going to hold a camp meeting soon. Here was certainly one American institution at the start. While the religious exercises of the neighborhood savored of the modern, it must be confessed that the amusements had a more ancient flavor. For instance, it was announced that one of the sports at an approaching festival would be "walking across the river on a

greased pole for a pig." This would have pleased Falstaff, and doubtless that immoral old knight laughed at the same performance in his time.

It was sunset, or rather the long English twilight had commenced, when I wended my way to the church of the Holy Trinity, where Shakspeare is buried. The church stands in the corner of the town, and is shut in by garden walls and trees. It does not seem a part of the modern town. A sound of music issued from the gray old church, and a boy told me it was doubtful if I could gain admission, as "choir meeting" was in progress. However, yonder was the house of Mr. Butcher, the parish clerk, and I might see him about it. Mr. Butcher came out of his respectable mansion as I approached it. He was a man of decent and venerable aspect, with a Roman nose large enough for two average Romans. He was somewhat round-shouldered, and had a rather sad and wearied look. I felt that he thought this was a "mad world, my masters," when people came across the ocean to ask him hundreds of questions about a man who has been dead since 1616. He did his duty, though, and we entered the church, in which the shadows had commenced to gather. The choir leader had his forces marshaled, and was giving his orders in a loud and peremptory manner. We passed through the choir and stood at the railing of the chancel within which lies buried Shakspeare. The bust in the niche in the wall above the chancel is familiar to every one from engravings. It is colored, to make it appear life-like, I presume. I trust it is a bad likeness; I hope that the artist who carved it was a very bad one, for it would be a genuine affliction to believe that Shakspeare looked like *that*. It is the beefy countenance of a good-natured person

who might possibly pay for a Falstaff's drinks for the sake of laughing at his talk, but who in no possible juncture of circumstances could be supposed to take an active part in the conversation.

Very good people are sometimes troubled with doubts about the doctrine of the Trinity, and ever since I first read of Miss Bacon's theory, that Shakspeare did not write Shakspeare's plays, but that he was merely a mask for Lord Bacon—intellectually the greatest Englishman of his time—I have had spasms of infidelity about the "divine William." As I looked at his graven image in Stratford church, and read the mysterious curse which forbids any meddling with his bones, all my doubts returned. How was it possible, thought I, that a drunken, dissolute youth, educated in this out-of-the-way place, ever acquired the information displayed in a long series of historical plays? How did anybody born in Stratford-on-Avon ever come to write anything? I was glad to go out of the church; and as I went I gazed again on the serious countenance of Mr. Butcher, and wondered if *he* did not have *his* doubts, and if he did not have to struggle with himself to keep from breaking out sometime before a party of American visitors, and telling them that they were humbugged; that there never was any Shakspeare; that he never was born—never died, and never wrote any plays. If Mr. Butcher had any doubts, he kept them locked in his bosom by a "combination" known only to himself. But he was not a Shakespearean enthusiast; for as we walked down the aisle, he called my attention to some new stained-glass windows, and to the modern arrangements for heating the church with hot-water pipes, for, he remarked, it was a cold place in the winter time; and so he said "good night," and left me in the churchyard.

It was a quiet place. The Avon flows at the foot of the stone wall which forms one side of the churchyard. On the other side of the narrow stream, which winds among sedgy islands, was a broad, green meadow, but a few inches above the level of the water; and beyond that was a green embankment, and then a line of scattered oak trees, and beyond them the evening sky. Young people were walking arm-in-arm in the meadow, and some boys were fishing from the stone wall, and some fresh-faced, hoydenish young girls were running and romping about among the gravestones. It was possible here to believe in Shakspeare. It was possible to suppose that he might have walked beside this stream, and that his brilliant fancy might have here conjured up such bits of melody as "Where the bee sucks," and "Come unto these yellow sands." And yet, if history be true, all this was fancy. The immortal plays were written in London, the London of nearly three hundred years ago, a city of dirty, narrow streets and unsavory smells. The chances are that "All the world's a stage" was thought out, not under the blue sky at Stratford, but at the wings and amid the smoke of the candles that lit the stage of the Globe Theatre, in London. Poets have lived in most unpoetical places, and Shakspeare was not an exception. Stratford had nothing to do with his genius. In the little town he was born, and spent a not very reputable youth. He sought real life in London, and passed his greatest days there, and retired at last with a not uncommon feeling of attachment to one's birthplace, to Stratford, to die and be buried. His family name is not an uncommon one. There is a Shakspeare in the town now, who keeps a little shop; there is, or was not many years ago, a Captain Shakspeare in the British army, who, Mr. Butcher told me, had visited Stratford; but no Shakspeare traces his descent from the

one great man of the name, and really but little is known of him whose epitaph might read: "He furnished the world with quotations."

It was quite dark when I got back to the inn. Bardolph, Pistol and the rest kept up an awful noise in a tap-room near, singing convivial songs, and occasionally I heard a female voice above the din, which I suppose was that of Dame Quickly; and to make the illusion yet more perfect, I met Doll Tearsheet on the stairs the next morning very drunk indeed.

On my way to the station, I stopped at the house where Shakespeare was born. It is a "timber-and-plaster" house, with a slightly-projecting upper story, such as are found all over England. One may see a row of them in Gray's Inn Road, London. I should judge this style of house was the ancestor of the "concrete" house—a variety of architecture unfortunately prevalent in Kansas. The Shakspeare house is kept in excellent repair, and the museum it contains is really interesting. I noticed the trace of America all around. Washington Irving's lines, "written on the spot," are framed and hung up in a conspicuous place. The fame of that excellent man and pioneer of American literature appears to be very well cared for in England. I saw among the pictures a photograph of the "death mask" of Shakspeare, found in Germany, but did not find in the library the copy of "Scribner" containing a very interesting paper on the mask and other portraits of Shakspeare.

It was very pleasant to see so many evidences of American appreciation in this little interior town of England; it recalled one of the singular facts of history. Four years after Shakspeare died, the company of Puritans landed at Plymouth. In that

company there was not a man or woman, I venture to say, who did not regard Shakspeare as "a maker of profane stage plays," and a son of perdition; and I am equally confident that Shakspeare in his day regarded the Puritans as a set of sour-faced bigots, unworthy a place on the earth they darkened with their gloomy presence. Yet in that new nation founded by these contemners of the vanities of the stage, the name of Shakspeare is held in the greatest reverence.

"New Place," the site of the house where Shakspeare died, I did not care to visit. We are told that the property fell into the hands of a clergyman who was bored by visitors, and who, more anxious to have a comfortable place to die in himself than to preserve an old house, tore it down. The place is a sort of beer garden now, I believe.

Further about Stratford, this deponent saith not. Were it ten times as ugly, and, in itself, uninteresting as it is, it would always be visited. Men cannot resist, after all the vanished years, the spell of that mysterious genius which came like a meteor from out the darkness; which passed over the earth like the wind, "but whence it cometh and whither it goeth, ye cannot tell."

WARWICK AND ITS CASTLE.

A MORNING ride from Stratford-on-Avon to Warwick is not a particularly inspiriting operation, as the road leads through an exclusively agricultural country.

Warwickshire, in its surface, is not unlike Dickinson and other counties of Kansas in that region, but trees are very plentiful; in fact, the country was, centuries ago, a forest. The trees sometimes cover the hillsides in groves, but oftener stand in the hedge-rows which cut the country up into small fields. The hawthorn, by-the-way, is a much handsomer hedge plant than the Osage orange. The grain looked short; and they were cutting the grass with little one-horse mowers, and the swaths laid thin on the ground. I saw not a stalk of Indian corn; nor did I see an ear of it in England, except those exhibited in the British Museum as curiosities. There were many fields of turnips, and others of some plants that looked like milk-weed, but which, I learned afterward, were horse beans. Where the land had been recently plowed, it looked yellow and poor. It was evident that the high cultivation, associated in our minds with modern English farming, had not been tried in Warwickshire; or if so, it had done but little good. Creeping around in these fields were men in dingy white clothes, hoeing turnips and the like. The American black slave was not, in his day, remarkable for the celerity and suddenness of his movements, but he was a miracle

of activity compared with these Warwickshire serfs, who belong to the constituency of Mr. Joseph Arch. In the early part of the century, it was reported that every eighth person in Warwickshire was a pauper. If agriculture is the only resource of the county, the proportion ought to constantly increase.

In this region I saw for the first time numerous thatched cottages. They look very romantic in pictures, and that is a very pretty line about "The swallow twittering in the straw-built shed," but practically and prosaically, a thatched roof is a great nuisance, in perpetual danger of fire, and a harbor for uncounted rats. A farm laborer's thatched cottage in England comes next to a Kansas dug-out, which I have always maintained was the meanest human habitation. The farm-houses proper were substantial structures, and the outbuildings usually formed quite a village.

In time, under a dim gray sky, we arrived at the mossy old town of Warwick. The gentle reader will pause to be told here that this word is pronounced Warrick; in fact, the phonetic Indians once having occasion to name a county after an army officer named Warwick, spelled the name as it was pronounced, and so it remains even unto this day.

Other old towns that I had seen in England looked as if they had changed somewhat in the last thousand years or so, but not so Warwick. As soon as the smart railroad station was out of sight, and the shady winding street shut one in, it was easy to imagine that Warwick town was still a dependency on the castle, and that the warden still kept his watch on the castle walls. I remarked the image carved in stone of a very venerable-looking goat, standing on his hind legs on top of an ivy-covered gate-post, and was speculating as to the character of the old house in front

of which this goat seemed to be a mute sentry, and whether the occupant was my Lord Neville, or, perhaps, Beauchamp, when I saw the very common-place notice, "Boarding," in the window. It was 1877, after all.

The castle is the great feature of Warwick. It is one of the very few edifices of the kind in England, still kept up and occupied as residences.

The plan of these old castles appears to have been substantially the same. Elevated ground was selected—at Warwick, a cliff high above the Avon. There the walls and towers were built about an inclosure—the court-yard. At first, the structure might be limited and rude, but successive occupants added towers and battlements, till in time, as at Warwick, an immense collection of buildings was the result. A village grew up about the castle, and in these latter days, the village, grown to a city, usually exists still, while the castle is a mouldering ruin; but at Warwick both castle and village are in "full force and effect." The entrance to Warwick castle is through a portion of the park, and the road at one place goes through a cutting in the rock, which is so overhung with trees that it is twilight there at noonday. You emerge into the midst of shrubbery and flowers, and, crossing the moat, which is now dry and beautifully sodded, you enter the court-yard, and the venerable walls of Warwick castle are about you.

A guide, for a shilling, will tell you in which century each tower was constructed, but I forget what the guide said. I know that there was a castle here when the robber William, known as the Conqueror, took possession of the country. The Saxon owner had sided with the Normans, or had remained neutral, and hoped to retain possession, but was kicked out in due time, and the prop-

erty given to a gentleman named, I think, Newburgh. Then the pleasant lords who occupied the castle raided other lords, and they returned the compliment by storming the castle and burning it; and then new towers and walls were constructed—and so the castle grew to be the wonder it is. The towers, externally, seem well preserved; but when you climb the stone stairs, you see that the steps have been worn thin by the feet of successive generations. The old guard-rooms in the tower are curious places, the stone floors fairly hollowed by the wear of centuries. In these rooms, the mail-clad warriors tramped about and looked out of the narrow windows, and longed for a chance to get down and out and murder and plunder somebody. It is easy to be romantic in these old places, and one gets to speculating who the present lord of the castle may be, and fancies that he must be a descendant of the haughty barons who domineered over these premises and the surrounding region; and who flung down their gauntlets at the feet of kings, and made such remarks as, "Lord Angus, thou hast lied!" and that he must inherit the fierce features of his warlike ancestry; but, in the case of Warwick castle, this is the purest fiction. The lord of the castle, and the ruler of this "battled wall and donjon keep," is, or would be in America, Mr. George Guy Greville, a mild-mannered old gentleman of sixty or thereabouts, who probably wears a tweed suit and an umbrella and a silk hat; who sits on a red cushion in the House of Lords and seldom says anything, and who resides in a modern house in London, instead of holding "high wassail" in his banqueting hall at Warwick, or storming about, shouting, "What, warder, ho! let the portcullis fall." The present Earl of Warwick is not in the least a relative of the Nevilles or the Beauchamps,

the Warwicks of old. They are all dead, and the present earl is a descendant of a certain Sir Fulke Greville, who flourished not longer ago than Queen Elizabeth's time. These Grevilles do not appear to have been very distinguished as fighters, though Lord Brooke, one of the family, was killed at the siege of Lichfield, in the days of Cromwell. The present Countess of Warwick, I was told, comes of a military family, being a sister of that dashing and enterprising donkey, Lord Lucan, who ordered the Light Brigade to death and destruction at Balaklava.

As I have said, Warwick castle is one of the few old castles still occupied as a residence. Although over thirty rooms were destroyed by fire a few years ago, a considerable portion of the residence part remained untouched; and in turn we may say, that the occupied portion of the castle comprises but a small portion of the castle itself. Warwick castle is, then, partly a residence, partly a picture gallery, and partly a carefully-preserved ruin.

The state rooms are open to the public on the payment, of course, of one shilling. If heaven were under English management, an entrance fee of one shilling—neither more nor less—would be demanded. A noble suite of rooms, filled with costly and beautiful objects, is traversed by the visitor. At Warwick I first saw the original portrait of Charles I, by Van Dyke: as I have seen this original several times since, I think Van Dyke must have painted several pictures at once. It is this portrait, Macaulay thinks, that makes people believe that Charles was a “martyr.” His Majesty struck me as having a long nose, and a mean expression of countenance. Holbein’s picture of Henry VIII is also at Warwick. No engraving does this picture justice. It must have been a most faithful portrait, for a more beastly countenance can-

not well be imagined. The finest picture in the collection, in my opinion, is a portrait of a Spanish ambassador, by Velasquez. I hope such of my friends as may hereafter visit Warwick will not fail to look at it. I ought not to omit to mention, also, Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous picture of Mrs. Siddons. The greatest curiosity of the place is the suite of rooms devoted to a display of ancient weapons and armor. These rooms are hollowed out in the enormous thickness of the old castle walls, which after the process are still heavier than the walls of our strongest houses.

In going to Warwick, I was moved in a great degree by a desire to visit the Earl of Leicester's hospital, so pleasantly described by Hawthorne, a description which will bear reading many times. This asylum was founded by that Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favorite of the "Virgin Queen," Elizabeth, for whose virginity we are indebted for the name of Virginia. Robert had his faults—who has not? He poisoned one wife, dishonored another before he married her, and disowned a third; but his monument in the church at Warwick bears the usual inscription: "A kind husband, an affectionate father." However, to decidedly alter Shakspeare, the good that bad men do lives after them. The little boys of Warwick go to a school established by a bequest of murdering old Henry VIII, and the provisions respecting the Earl of Leicester's "bounty" are still carried out. He provided that twelve old soldiers, to be selected from four parishes named, should be forever sheltered at this hospital. The master of the hospital must be a clergyman. Failing in finding soldiers, marines are eligible to the bounty. The buildings are quaint old structures of the timber-and-plaster order of architecture, like Shakspeare's birthplace at Stratford. Each

soldier has a little room of his own. The wives of the old men are allowed to remain here also, and I saw red-faced old women who had followed the marchings of the British army for twenty-five years. There is a great hall, said once to have been a splendid place, and in one end of the hall is this: "Memorandum that King James the First was right nobly entertained at a supper in this hall by the Honorable Sir Fulke Greville, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one of His Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, upon the Fourth Day of September, Anno Domini, 1617. God save the King." Those who would know how His Majesty munched, and romped, and joked, and slobbered on that occasion, should read the "Fortunes of Nigel." When I saw this sacred place it was partly filled with washtubs.

My guide was an old soldier with a fiery countenance, a red wart on one eyelid, and a breath which I judge had been through several wars and had assisted at the storming of several distilleries. He told me all about the establishment, and showed the badge which each veteran must wear—the bear and ragged staff. He said that but one of the badges had ever been lost, although generations of old soldiers—the wearers thereof—have gone to the "eternal camping-ground." He exhibited a piece of embroidery by the unfortunate Amy Robsart, and said that the handsome frame was purchased by an American gentleman, Mr. Charles O'Conor, of New York. I was very anxious to see the master of the hospital, Rev. Mr. Harris, and get from him some reminiscences of Hawthorne's visit, but was unable to find him "at home."

I was curious to know how the gratuity business was to be

managed. It was very neatly done. My old military friend assured me that he and his brethren wanted nothing; but that the late Earl of Leicester had neglected to make any provision for the widows of old soldiers; that a fund was now being raised for that purpose; and if I would like to contribute a little something, etc. I strongly suspect that my shilling went to keep up the fine old military breath of my guide; and if so, it is well. Long may it be before he takes that jolly red nose out of a beer mug for the last time, and long may the good bounty of the wicked Earl be well dispensed, and the "broken soldier kindly bade to stay."

The sun scarcely shone while I was at Warwick, and the faint gray sky seemed to harmonize with the gray walls of the hoary castle; the quiet streets of the faded, aged town; the dim aisles of old St. Mary's; the brown flood of the gliding Avon. The town crier, whom I met in his cocked hat and a long flaming red coat, carrying his noisy bell, was quite out of character. Methought he was far too gay for such a venerable and time-worn place, where there should be nothing vivid in color, or more harsh in sound than the mill-wheel's drowsy hum and the decorous singing of staid and ancient birds.

The train bore me away in the early afternoon to Leamington; to Banbury, famous in the nursery rhyme; to Oxford, with its great university; and so at last I saw shining in the distance, like the Delectable Mountains in Bunyan's dream, the towers, the skirting battlements, the great walls, white and fair, of Windsor castle. Then, as one beholds at sea the crest of wave rising behind wave, miles away to where the sky comes down, so I saw lines on lines of roofs, red and black, one behind another, acres

on acres of them, to the right, to the left, to the front; and over all hung a blue smoke like that which rolls away from a battlefield when the day is won and lost.

"Is that London?" said I to the man opposite.

"A part of it," said he.

SOMETHING ABOUT LONDON.

THERE are several villages of considerable importance in England, such as Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham, but there is but one *town*, and that is London. To go to "town," is to go to London; and, no matter from what point of the compass you start, it is always "up" to London.

People confuse and overwhelm themselves in trying to take in the idea of London as a single city. The "City" proper, as everybody is supposed to know, is a small spot in London comprising between three and four hundred acres; and from that center London has spread like a prairie fire, until it is simply a county covered with houses. I have never heard a man say how many people there are in London; the usual expression is, "from three and a half to four millions"—a few hundred thousand, more or less, make but little difference. This immense populated region that we call London, is, however, easily traversed; and it is no more difficult for a visitor to find any locality in London, than it is for a Western man to find the "n.e. $\frac{1}{4}$ of the n.w. $\frac{1}{4}$ of 6, 11, 15." There are many streets of the same name in London, and it is somewhat important that you should know whether you want to go to Queen street, Hackney, or Queen street, Kensington, as they are some miles apart; but if you do know this much, you can hardly go wrong, inasmuch as the city is also divided into parts designated by initials, as W., west; W. C., west central, and so on.

The immense populated country, then, that we call London, is geographically divided in a simple manner; is admirably paved, well lighted at night, and guarded by an army of perfectly-drilled, neatly-uniformed, quiet, civil, intelligent police—the stranger's best friends.

The growth of London in all directions, is shown by names which have now lost their significance. There are "fields" where there are no fields. Bunhill Fields, the Dissenters' cemetery, where Bunyan is buried, is miles from anything resembling a field; so are the churches of St. Martin-in-the-fields, and St. Giles-in-the-fields. These names once given, will probably always remain; for in England things change, but names seldom or never.

London is really a modern city, and still a growing one. It is true that a city called London has existed for very many centuries, still but few traces of that old city remain. Nearly everything one sees in London dates back not over three hundred years. Westminster Abbey and the Tower are exceptions; but the Houses of Parliament are new; St. Paul's is not a very ancient edifice; and, in fact, an American is very apt to look with great reverence on certain things in London which after all are not much older than Boston. I believe the oldest equestrian statue in London is one of Charles I, in whose days America had already become a promising youth. The names of localities, as they existed before modern London came into being, still remain. Why a street should be called Old Jewry in a city where a Rothschild has been knighted, and in a country ruled by the son of an Israelite, and himself called Disraeli, is a conundrum that must be left to Dundreary. In the old time there was a thoroughfare called Thieving Lane, near the palace of Westminster. If an

officer, in taking a thief through this locality, took him out of certain bounds, the thief went free. Thieving Lane no longer exists, but Broad Sanctuary does, and may be seen by any visitor to St. James Park.

Old London, now outgrown and overgrown, was a wretched place, unpaved and unlighted, infested at night by robbers and ruffians of all sorts. In fact, it is not so long ago that highwaymen stopped travelers in what is now London. Messrs. Turpin and others, who ended their days at "Newgit," did a flourishing business in its immediate neighborhood.

This huge monster of London must have breathing-places; and they exist in the great parks in the west, and in the numberless squares and crescents all over town. These little squares are not, strictly speaking, public property, but are used by the people living around them: it is a penal offense to unlock them without a key issued by authority. These squares are, however, a thing of beauty and a joy forever—to those who have keys.

To get about London you have the choice between the underground railway, usually called the "Metropolitan;" several "day-light" railways; the street railroads, called "tramways," and very slowly coming into favor; the omnibuses; and a countless number of vehicles, including that English institution, the "Hansom," in which the driver rides behind the top in a trap that resembles one of Faries' smoke-stacks. The London cabman, once a miracle of extortion and impudence, is now pretty well subjugated; a table of distances is posted at all the cab stands, and there is no absolute necessity for being bullied or cheated. Of course, a small gratuity is allowable, and the cabman usually grins when you alight, and observes that he "wouldn't mind 'avin' a glahss o'

beer." The quickest way to travel is the "underground," but you must stand the gas and smoke. In the matter of cheapness, the cars and 'buses rank about alike; the easiest and most stylish mode is to take a carriage; but the best style of traveling for a stranger is on top of an omnibus, if possible, with the driver. These drivers "know the country." I rode once with a red-faced old horse-pelter who was as original as Mr. Weller, the father of "Samivel." The "basic" theory of this old gent was, that we are creatures of circumstances, and are good or bad, "accordin'." All men, he reasoned, were possible "raskills," and as to women —but, I won't give his theory about them, for I don't believe it. An omnibus driver, as far as he drives, is worth a dozen guide-books.

There is another great thoroughfare in London, which I have not mentioned: it is the Thames. To one who has seen the Missouri, the Mississippi, the Hudson, and several other American rivers I could name, it is rather fatiguing to hear an Englishman speaking of the Thames as "a noble river," and even "an enormous stream." It is a very nice little river, is the Thames; but it looks very small at first sight, and the bridges across it, though very handsome as a rule, are nothing in the matter of engineering to the Mississippi river bridge at St. Louis, or, in fact, any of the great railroad bridges in America. I was disappointed in the Thames and its shores. I had formed my ideas of it from Dore's pictures, as published in *Harper's Weekly* some years ago. I imagined it a swift stream, black as ink, crowded with boats jostling each other; and that it was overshadowed by enormously high, black warehouses. Instead, on a trip to Greenwich and back, I saw a very cleanly, decent stream, not at all crowded with water

craft of any sort; and instead of the black castles of Doré's pictures, there were rows of more or less rusty three-story buildings, like those one sees along the levee of a Mississippi river town. The Houses of Parliament, Somerset House, the Tower, and a few others, break the monotony; but London from the Thames looks commonplace, grimy and seedy. The river, however, forms a pleasant thoroughfare, and the ugly little steamers are always filled with people. Something is always happening on or about the river to attract a crowd on the bridges. One day a crowd lined the parapet of Westminster bridge. The "sight" appeared to be a company of New York merchants and their wives and daughters on a boat, with a carpet and some gilded chairs forward, and another boat lying alongside on which was a band of music. It turned out that the first boat was the "royal" boat. I looked over the bridge, and pushed and pulled and hauled for a place with the rest—not, of course, because a republican American ever cares to look at queens and noblemen and such small deer, but merely to hear the music, you know. I don't suppose my American readers will take any interest in the "outcome" of this affair, but I may remark, casually, that none of the royal family were on board the "royal" boat.

According to Sir William Jones—I believe it is—it is not "high-raised battlements" and the like that "constitute a State," and so, after all, it is the people that make a city. London is a very populous city; by which I mean that, in spite of the immense number of houses, there seem to be too many people for the residences. It certainly appears in London as if half the people must walk about in the daytime while the other half slept. It is not only on a few streets, as in New York, that one sees the crowd,

but on all the streets there is a moving swarm of people. There seems to be no "business center" in London—it is business everywhere. Streets miles from the Bank of England, are as crowded as Threadneedle or Lombard streets. The first exclamation of every visitor must be, "What swarms of people!"—and this by night as well as day. Work on a morning paper has made me, from force of habit, a discarding of the ancient maxim, "Early to bed and early to rise," but I never walked the streets of London late enough to find them empty. Ceaseless as the flood of a mighty river is the everlasting flow of human life in the streets of wondrous London.

In this mass of humanity that lives and moves and has its being in London, every variety of human condition may be found. The peer and the wretched old woman who sells matches, jostle each other on the street. Sit on a chair in Hyde Park, and in an hour's time will roll by in carriages the representatives of wealth enough to buy Kansas—personal property, improved real estate and all. A five-minutes walk will bring you into the midst of wretchedness enough to chill the heart to look upon it, and vice enough to sicken the "oldest inhabitant" of Sodom. Between these are infinite grades. There are whole streets filled with people who seem to be poor, but not beggars; rough, but not wicked. These streets swarm with babies. I have looked down the vista of such a street, and it seemed as if one could not walk through the middle without stepping on a baby. The street baby is usually in charge of a little girl, but little bigger than a baby herself, who carries her charge at all sorts of angles, as if it were a bag of old clothes. The lighting of the gas—an excellent article in London—is the signal for a general gathering in these streets of

all the babies—enough in three or four blocks to furnish half a dozen baby shows. “On such a night,” as Shakspeare remarks, I wandered into Ossulston street, a long, narrow thoroughfare branching out of Euston Road, not far from the great St. Pancras depot, and there came that way an Italian gentleman with the national instrument of his country, a hand-organ. That organ was, as Geo. W. Martin would say, a “rattler.” It was a Wild Bill, a “Rowdy Jo.” of an organ—it played none of Artemus Ward’s “slow moosic;” it took no note of “Hear me, Norma,” but indulged only in the most exhilarating jigs, the most maddening reels. A company of stout, fresh-faced girls, whose social position it was hard to guess—only that they did not seem bad—subsidized the organ with half-pence and commenced to dance on the sidewalk. Round and round they went; up the center and “hands across.” The hand-organ got excited and could hardly wait for the crank to come around; the girls went faster, balancing with their hands upon their hips, and smiling from ear to ear; then the young nurses caught the contagion; the babies were gathered up anywhere—by the arm, by the leg, by the neck, by the heels—and joined, perforce, in the dance. The street was full of music and motion; the few dogs that the poverty of the neighborhood supported in ease and idleness, assisted, by barking, in the amusement; it was a whirlpool of tangled hair, little bare legs, glittering eyes, white teeth, and rags. It was literally “fun alive”—hearty and innocent. It was one of the sights not described in the guide-books. And so we will stop here, and leave other sights, palaces and cathedrals, parks and pleasure-grounds, galleries and gardens, to another chapter.

MORE ABOUT LONDON.

“HOW long did you stay in London?” said I, the other day, to my fellow-passenger on the Bothnia, Mr. McNally, of Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago. “Two weeks,” he replied, “which was a week too long.”

This little conversation was held in Paris, and it expresses the sentiment of nearly every American—after he has seen Paris. In what may be termed attractiveness, it is true that Paris maintains an immense superiority over London. The difference is as great as that between a factory and a theater. If you wish to be delighted and amused, go to Paris; if you wish to be instructed, go to London.

The “great sights” of London are nearly the same that they were fifty years ago. In my earliest youth I heard of the Tower, of Westminster Abbey, of St. Paul’s, of the Zoölogical Gardens; and they are to-day, as they were in that remote period, the first things seen by every visitor. They have been so often described, that their appearance is familiar to every American—it only remains for me to give personal impressions.

I came upon Westminster Abbey the first day I spent in London, quite unexpectedly, and I was powerfully impressed by the gloomy majesty of its exterior. Those two great towers seemed to represent art defying time. Nothing can be grander in its way than the great Abbey. It strikes you, it seems to me, in the same

way that the Yosemite does, or, to use a humbler simile, one of the great trees of California.

I visited the Abbey three times; once on Sunday, to hear Dean Stanley preach, in which attempt I was unsuccessful. At a short distance from the preacher, but hidden behind one of the great clustered columns, it was impossible to catch a word or syllable. In each of these visits—I may as well confess the truth—I was disappointed. The interior of the Abbey, cut up into chapels, lacks the imposing dignity of the exterior; many of the monuments are in outrageous taste—many are defaced by time, and the appearance of everything is rusty and dusty. The great names that adorn the walls are the real glory of the Abbey. Take them away, and you might as well raze the building to the ground, for all the interest it would possess to a foreign visitor.

As an American, I was desirous of seeing the monument of General Wolfe, who fell on the Heights of Abraham. I found a huge pile of allegorical figures, in the midst of which, Wolfe was depicted naked—in the same style that Nelson appears in a bronze horror at Liverpool. In my experience, I have never known a major general to go into action in that light array; and I can conceive of no reason why any officer of any army or navy should be thus represented on a monument. Every American looks at the monument of the ill-fated Major Andre. It at first seems strange how fame preserves some comparatively humble names. Andre was a young man, only a major in rank, and died (justly, I think) as a spy; yet I have looked with emotion upon memorials of him in two continents—at Philadelphia and at London. But then, he was young, brave, handsome and unfortunate—a combination that is not so easily forgotten in this

world. Another monument that attracts trans-Atlantic attention, is that of Oliver Goldsmith, whose name has been made near and dear to us by the beautiful biography by Irving. His monument is disfigured by a Latin inscription, written, in spite of a protest, by that lumbering old pedant, Dr. Johnson. All that Latin is lost to the ordinary visitor, whose heart is stirred by four English words on another monument—"O, rare Ben Jonson." In the shadow of the Temple church, in the heart of London town, there is the real monument—a flat, low-lying slab, on which you may read the words, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith."

Most of the modern monuments in the Abbey are plain but elegant in design. This description applies particularly to the monument to Sir John Franklin.

A very touching custom in the Abbey, and elsewhere in England, is that of hanging over the resting-places of soldiers the faded flags of their regiments. In the dim light, unstirred by any passing breath of air, covered with gathering dust, faded and worn, these banners hang as if they, too, were dead; as if life had departed from them, too, when it left the brave arms that could no longer defend them.

I would advise the visitor oppressed by the memories evoked by the Abbey, to visit the Houses of Parliament, close at hand. This great edifice is modern, and harmonious and beautiful throughout. The House of Lords is the finest room I have ever seen, or expect to see. Ninety feet long, forty-five feet wide, and high in proportion, its symmetry is perfect. Unlike our halls of Congress, it is admirably ventilated, and the air is as pure and sweet as that of spring in the country.

A curious compromise is seen in the paintings in one of the

corridors. On one side are three pictures portraying the valor of the Cavaliers; on the other side are three scenes from the history of the Puritans. One of these represents the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers for America—one of the very few artistic recognitions of the fact that the American Colonies were once “the brightest jewel of the crown.”

The Tower of London must of course be visited—but the place smells of innocent blood. It is a dreadful thing to look upon a block scored by the ax, where men were beheaded only a few years before our own Revolution. A certain brass plate sickened me more than all the wax horrors of Madame Tussaud’s exhibition, for it marked the spot where stood the scaffold on which the slender necks of women were severed by the brutal ax; where the Countess of Salisbury was dragged by her gray hair to the block—for so perished the last of the Plantagenets. The redeeming feature of the Tower is the beautiful arrangement of the modern arms, and the devices formed of old bayonets, sabers, cutlasses, and the like. One of these, representing the Prince of Wales’s wedding cake, is a miracle of ingenuity. Speaking of cakes, the cake-baker to the royal family of England heats his royal oven at Chester. Then, of course, every one looks at the regalia-room, where the royal crowns, scepters, swords, etc., are kept. Looking at the splendid crowns, one cannot help wondering at the poor quality of the heads they usually cover.

I would advise every visitor to London to make much of the British Museum. It is in a gloomy building on a side street, but it is a constantly-growing wonder. I would advise reading people who expect to stop in London to obtain access to the library, which contains over one million volumes, any one of

which will be handed you inside of ten minutes from the application. The great circular room occupied by readers is a beautiful place, and all the arrangements for reading and writing are perfect. There are many thousands of volumes which you can take from the shelves yourself—and if others are needed, the attendants are uniformly polite and intelligent. A “liberal” education could be acquired in the British Museum alone. It is an art school, already. Many young persons may be seen copying the antique statues. The young ladies thus engaged were the prettiest I saw in England, and several of them were so handsome that they abundantly justified the necessity of the posted notices, “Visitors are requested not to crowd around the students.”

In Paris all public rooms and buildings are bright with frescoes, mirrors and gilding, while the walls of the British Museum are as plain as those of a Quaker meeting-house. A long step in the direction of the ornamental has been made in the South Kensington Museum, which is really a beautiful place. I was most interested there in the manuscripts of Dickens’s books. I thought I saw a growing change, running through the successive volumes. In “Oliver Twist,” the handwriting was bold, full and free, while “A Tale of Two Cities” was blotted, and full of interlineations and changes. The man’s mind was wearing out.

The old “city” of London is the gloomiest place on earth. With the exception of St. Paul’s, there is nothing that is not either positively, comparatively or superlatively ugly. The monument “in honor” of the great fire, is situated in a sort of hole. The top is surrounded by a railing, put there to check a growing furor for jumping off (at which I do not wonder much), and the bottom is covered with inscriptions, stating that you can

go up for three-pence, and that the provisions of the penal code will be enforced against any persons beating carpets against the monument. While in this neighborhood, and out of respect for my honorable profession of journalist, I visited Billingsgate; but the place was a disappointment, and furnished me no new ideas. It is now a very commonplace fish market, where the language is up to the average of that of an editorial association, and a good deal more decent than that of an American newspaper fight.

St. Paul's cannot be described. It has all the majesty—and more—of the old Catholic edifices, and is, withal, suited to Protestant services. The only fault with this building architecturally is the statues on the roof, which look like stone "hoodlums" who have climbed up there without permission.

How dear to the youthful heart are the recollections of Newgate! How precious the spot to the readers of Mr. Ainsworth's lurid works! It is but a step from St. Paul's—a powerful-looking building, with a sweet festoon of shackles, handcuffs, balls, chains, and other jewelry, over the main entrance. A few years ago executions took place in the open space in front of the prison. A dense crowd filled this space, cursing and jostling all night long prior to a hanging. A spectator of one of the last public entertainments of this kind told me that the mob got to knocking off the hats of the police officers, and that the hats rolled over the heads of the mass like balls in a bowling alley. This is all over now, and "Newgit," like many another institution of the "good old times," is not "what it used to was."

The transition is a sudden and almost irreverent one, but it is only a few steps from this dreadful old place to Bunhill Fields, where some of the best men and women who ever lived and died

are buried. This ground is a relic of the old times when the Dissenter was allowed to carry his dissent to the grave, if not beyond it, and be buried separately from members of the Established Church. It opens directly on the street, and is so crowded with tombstones that you can hardly walk about. Here are the monuments of Dr. Watts and other hymn-writers; here is buried the mother of the two great Wesleys; and "behold a greater than these," for here is buried John Bunyan, who, though, as he tells us, while he "walked through the wilderness of this world, lighted upon a certain place where was a den," made for us all, good and bad, a "dream" full of well-nigh unearthly brilliancy. Here, too, is buried Daniel Defoe, who, as the author of Robinson Crusoe, has sent more boys to sea than all the shipping offices; a man who was rewarded for his services to mankind by mutilation and the pillory, and of whom the great Mr. Alexander Pope was not too much of a gentleman to write, "Earless on high sat unabashed Defoe." Of this old burial-ground, I venture to say that there is more scripture and hymn-book in Bunhill Fields than in all the other London cemeteries put together. But one sees here no military or naval monuments, yet those sleep here who have fought and have won. The inscription tells us of one who, though living in a humble sphere, was yet a worthy champion of honest government, and that he did not die until he had seen his fondest hopes realized in the passage of the Reform Bill. Of victors there are many, being those, as the gravestones tell us, who "achieved a signal triumph over death."

It is out-of-doors that the English display the finest artistic qualities. The parks and pleasure-grounds are their finest pictures, for they are wrought in the soil which the Englishman

loves. St. James Park, Green Park, Hyde and Regents Parks, are all near together, and all are lovely places. The scrubby trees of the Champs Elysées do not compare with the noble oaks and chestnuts in the great London pleasure-grounds. In fact, nothing can be mentioned in comparison with them except the Central Park of New York, which is unquestionably the finest park in the world.

The attraction of Hyde Park is the fashionable drive, which retains — because it happened once to get it — the detestable name of Rotten Row. In Rotten Row you may see the aristocracy in full feather in gorgeous equipages, and attended by the most imposing flunkies. The two things which most impressed me, were first, the exceeding personal ugliness of the "hupper classes," and second, the legs of the footmen. I may say under the first head, that in my opinion the countesses and duchesses of England, in the matter of beauty, cannot approach the barmaids and the waitresses at the railroad stations. The aristocratic female in England has a tendency either to grow thin — in which case her countenance assumes all the angles of a gun-lock — or she gets stout and red in the face, and becomes a burden. I saw in the Row one day a lady clad in silks, who actually seemed a load for a pair of horses. The English gentleman is generally fine looking. The horsemanship displayed by him, though doubtless very fine, looks odd to an American. The cavalier of Rotten Row rises from his saddle at every step of his horse, affording the passer-by a fine view between his legs of the country beyond. But while I have been talking of this and that, I have forgotten Mr. Yellowplush and his calves. The male leg is not usually a matter of interest, but the shanks of these high-bred minions

greatly interested me. Such development I never saw. I have no idea where such a breed of legs originated. We have nothing like it in America.

The attraction at Regents Park is the Zoölogical Garden. A man can well afford after visiting the "Zoo" to renounce all future "animal shows." There is nothing else like it. Here are literally droves of kangaroos; a barnyard full of giraffes; deer of every description; hippopotami, half a dozen of them; all sorts of water fowl; a wilderness of monkeys; a houseful of lions; the most gorgeous parrots and other tropical birds—and all in the most elegant residences ever occupied by birds and beasts. It would be delightful even if the monkeys were taken away. Lectures are delivered here on the habits of the animals, even more instructive than those I have heard from the lips of Major Tom Anderson. On Saturdays a military band performs, and the children ride the elephants, who start around, of course, "when the band begins to play."

The flower-beds and the turf of these great parks are perfection; they are the resort of rich and poor, and the parade grounds of the military; they are the beauty, the pride, and, in a sanitary point of view, the salvation of London.

I have spoken of the minor squares of London, and it remains to refer to the outdoor statuary, which is very plentiful and also very ugly. The great men of England glare at you in bronze or marble at every turn. The sharp nose of the Duke of Wellington points to every quarter of the horizon. In the matter of hideousness, the bronze Achilles in Hyde Park unquestionably leads. It looks like a big colored roustabout going up a gang plank with a car wheel. This terror was erected by a subscription of the ladies of England. The Duke of York column is

another monstrosity. "Who was the Duke of York?" was my first inquiry. He was a brother of King George IV, and so on, was answered. But why he was placed on the column I never knew, until a tailor informed me one day that it was to get him out of the reach of his creditors. The Nelson monument, in Trafalgar Square, is no better, and four more beastly lions never were cast than those of Landseer, which form a part of the structure. The statues of Palmerston and others are better; and now I come to speak of another, to me most interesting of all.

I lodged most of the time while I remained in London at a house in Burton Crescent, and in the little square or crescent opposite was the statue of an old bald-headed man seated in a chair. The last day of my stay, I went into the inclosure with my fellow-lodger, Captain Arthur Shaw, the brother-in-law of Thackeray, and read for the first time the inscription. Ignoring the "break-lines" of the epitaph, this is what it said:

"John Cartwright, born 25th Sept. 1740, died 23d Sept. 1824.

"The firm, consistent and unswerving advocate of universal suffrage, equal representation, vote by ballot, and annual Parliaments.

"He was the first English writer who openly maintained the independence of the United States of America, and although his distinguished merits as a naval officer, in 1776, presented the most flattering prospects of professional advancement, he nobly refused to draw his sword against the rising liberties of an oppressed and struggling people.

"In grateful commemoration of his inflexible integrity, exalted patriotism, profound constitutional knowledge, and in sincere admiration of the unblemished virtues of his private life, this statue was erected by public subscription, near the spot where he closed his useful and meritorious career."

With this notice of an old forgotten friend of ours, who carried his wise old head far in the advance of the marching column of humanity, we close these first impressions of London.

PARIS AND THE PARISIANS.

TWO weeks in my own society at London had disgusted me with my associate, and I resolved to abandon the solitary system of traveling, try a “Cook” excursion ticket, and prepare to answer affirmatively, in future, the first question of my traveling fellow-countrymen, “Have you been to Parry?”

I proceeded by rail to Newhaven, and thence by boat to Dieppe. If any of my friends think of crossing there, I would advise them to borrow Capt. Boyton’s suit and swim rather than to take the steamer that I did. Not a fourth of the passengers could get into the little cabin, and consequently they remained on deck. I was one of those who thus had a “cold deck” “rung in” on them. The sea was very smooth, and this was a crowning mercy, for I know there was not room on deck for a wash-basin. Had Jonah added himself to the passenger list, he would have had to go overboard—not from any malice at all, but merely to make room for the rest of us.

In the gray light of morning, we saw the coast of France, and the town of Dieppe. It looked exactly—bluff, old houses, and all—like the levee of a rather seedy town on the upper Mississippi. It is really a watering-place of some note, and lately had been visited by M. Thiers on an electioneering tour; but the “watering” part does not show from the dock where we landed. We saw some sad-looking men in uniform, and a very

tall crucifix, whereat several of the British, who live in mortal fear of the Pope, began to bewail themselves about the “superstition of the country.” In due time, we passed through the custom house. There was nothing dutiable in my valise. If there had been, as a measure of economy I should have handed over the “grip-sack” to the officer, and have asked him to make a present of it, with my compliments, to the French Republic. The officer in charge of persons, as distinguished from property, was a young man with fierce eyes and a mustache like two corkscrews. “Aire you Ingleesh?” he said; to which I responded in excellent French, “Oui.” It was a dreadful thing for one to say whose grandfather “fit in the Revolution,” but it saved time at any rate; and beside, the French think Americans are only a variety of the beast “Anglais.”

We took breakfast at what the British said was a “buffy.” The practice of uselessly ill-treating the French language at once commenced. The place was kept, I think, by an Englishman, and all the waiters understood English; but that did not prevent their being assailed with such remarks as, “Garsong, wooly-woo bring me some jambong?” The result was distraction.

We got into the cars at last, and started at a very moderate pace for Paris. The French railroads are not very strong in the matter of speed, and the management lacks enterprise in the way of ditching trains, running into open drawbridges, telescoping other trains, and such-like—in which my own country can, as in everything else, discount the world. The country presents a great uniformity in this part of France, increasing, however, in fertility and beauty as you get away from the coast. Mile after mile you see rural villages with thatched roofs, and smart little

towns with white plastered houses and fire-red tile roofs, and interminable long straight rows of tall straight poplars; and little fields about as big as a tarpaulin, unseparated by fences, of different colors, and making the slopes of the hills look like vast patchwork quilts. In a wide valley, or rather where several valleys come together, you see the fine old city of Rouen, with its cathedral in the midst, looking more like some hoary old cliff than a house made with hands. You follow the windings of the Seine, a bright stream, which somehow always makes me think of a rosy old French gentleman when he feels good after dinner, it is so smooth and clear, and agreeable. Very much of a gentleman is the Seine,

You see, before you have gone far, that you are in an industrious country. You see countless tall chimneys, marking the sites of manufactories. There are no loafers about the stations—you understand how the French paid off the enormous war indemnity.

One comes upon Paris suddenly. But a few moments before you pass the line of fortifications you are in a wood, like those around the towns of Indiana; but that is about the last "touch of nature" you see, for Paris is the most artificial, as it is artistic, of cities. As soon as you are at the station, you begin to note the difference between London and Paris—the superior height of the Parisian houses, their whiteness and brightness; and then they are lit up by the sun, the same one we have in America, and which has not yet been introduced into London.

Passengers traveling with Cook excursion tickets go to the hotels designated, and I went thus to the Hotel Coquilliere, in the Rue Coquilliere, not far from the Rue Jean Jacques Rous-

seau, which in its turn runs into Rue Montmartre, which — but I presume I have made the locality sufficiently clear to my readers, and will not particularize further. I suppose the Hotel Coquilliere was a one-horse hotel, but I have gone farther to four-horse establishments and fared worse. The landlord spoke English very well, though his name was Puisgasu, which the first class in French may stand up and pronounce. The landlady was one of the plumpest, and blackest-eyed of French women, and had the sweet, coaxing voice, peculiar, I think, to the women of France, for I have never heard it elsewhere, as a rule, and I have listened attentively all my life. The chambermaids wore white caps with frills, and were as ruddy as apples, and as stout as horses, and could carry a Saratoga trunk to the top of the house without drawing a long breath. The table waiters spoke English, but pretended that they understood my French, which they did not; yet I could not help admiring their polite duplicity. Such was the Hotel Coquilliere, and long may it exist. If my country ever sends me to dream the happy hours away, save when waked up to draw my salary, in the laborious position of Minister to France, I shall transfer the flag of the American Embassy to the Hotel Coquilliere.

During my stay the hotel was filled with English people—most of them very pleasant associates. I think, however, the English know the least about France of any people. I have spoken of the British fear of the Pope. Another bugaboo among the religious English is Voltaire. Why people should worry about Voltaire who cannot read his works in French and who have not read them in English, I do not know; and, besides, the man has been dead some years. This I know, for I saw his tomb

in the Pantheon. Yet I was always hearing about the wickedness of the French all somehow attributed to Voltaire, who believed in nothing, while nothing was said about the historical influence of the men who perpetrated the massacre of Saint Bartholomew—men who believed a great deal. I sat next to an English parson at table, who seemed very anxious to go to some bad place, not to partake of the ungodliness thereof, but, as he said, to “see the manners of a people unrestrained by Christian influences.” It occurred to me that, with a little exertion, he might see something of the sort in London. Americans, with all their faults as travelers, are not, I think, guilty of such Pecksniffism as this. There is no earthly call for it from anybody. I presume there are sinners in Paris; occasionally one straggles even into Topeka; but certainly a more decorous city than Paris externally does not exist. I saw a dozen drunken men in London where I saw one in Paris, and nowhere in the latter city did I see the noisy, struggling, ill-smelling crowd that I have seen around the flaring gin-palaces in London. This assumption of the superior morality of London is stupid.

Before I speak of the great sights of Paris, I may begin at the Hotel Coquilliere, and speak of familiar things thereabouts. To begin with, there was, very near, a great market—the Halle Centrale—which I never got tired of visiting. They dealt there in butcher’s meat and vegetables, and poultry and fish, and the same articles that, save the addition of flowers, one sees in American city markets; but it was the arrangement of the articles which struck me. In the flower markets, the bouquets were very beautiful, but so were the beefsteaks, in their department. The legs of mutton were beautified and glorified, and liver and tripe suf-

fered a change into something new and strange. I have seen carrots and beets grouped with as much skill as ever were living figures in a tableau. It was more than a market to me; it was a museum—an art gallery—as much so as the Louvre, which was not far off. The market artists were all women. In France the “gray mare is the better horse;” in Switzerland she is all the horse there is. The Parisian market-women were as polite as duchesses—that is, as polite as duchesses are supposed to be, for I cannot speak of them from personal acquaintance. In this market, then, I saw much of France and of French people. Before I left the Hotel Coquilliere, I knew by sight all the shopkeepers in the neighborhood, and established a “*comment vous portez-vous*” acquaintance with a bakeress, who, with infinite patience and politeness, studied out what I was trying to say on the “currency question,” and explained to me the mystery of French money—the sous, centimes and francs.

And in the desultory way in which I am writing this, I come to another matter—that of language. I verily believe that many people who would like to visit France, stay away because they dread to go to a country where they are ignorant of the language. A very little French is certainly a great help; and however badly you may speak it, the French are too polite to laugh at you, and make every effort to understand; but it is quite possible to get about and enjoy life without knowing a word of the French language. An astonishing number of people, in Paris at least, speak more or less English. You begin, oftentimes, in the street, with fear and trembling, to put together French enough to ask the way to this place or that, to be met with an answer in your native tongue. I do not think that a Parisian ever failed to recognize an American or an Englishman at a glance.

In London you can see a great deal—by paying a shilling for it—but Paris is a “free show.” It is worth a journey there to look at the shop windows. In London, I went to show places and to parks; in Paris, I never tired of walking about the streets. I walked, I do not know how many times, along the great boulevards, to the arches called Portes, St. Martin and St. Denis; and then there was the Champs Elysées, and a long walk in the other direction, along the Seine. Of the rides taken, according to programme, and which embraced most of the famous places, I shall not speak here.

I know—now that we are speaking of externals—hardly a handsome church in London, (St. Paul’s being, of course, above cavil or question,) and I do not know of an ugly one in Paris. The statuary in public places in Paris is always fine; in London, as I have said, it is usually frightful. One wearies, however, of the repetition, in Paris, of Louis XIV. That big wig of his comes in everywhere, and yet he was not a very great man; and all the cunning of the painter and sculptor has failed in making him look great. It is all wig and high-heeled shoes, after all. The only one of the old kings, in stone or bronze, that people take a second look at now, is Henri IV, who sits on his big horse, as he has for a long time, on the Pont Neuf.

A great deal has been said about the improvements of Paris, carried on in Napoleon III’s time, under the direction of Baron Haussman. The opening up of these immense avenues has in many cases made the city handsomer, but not always. I do not think the immense sweep of street view that leads up to the Arc de Triomphe is handsome. There is such a thing as overdoing the wide-street business, and making a bleak, dreary perspective.

Those who have seen Kansas avenue, in Topeka, know what I mean. The only thing to do is to fill up these immense long holes with rows of trees on each side and through the center, as they do in Washington.

The great resort of Parisians, the Champs Elysées, owes very little to nature. The trees look diminutive ; and there is a great deal of gravel to very little grass ; consequently it looks better at night than by day. Then the almost blinding light of long rows of gas lamps, all over the grounds, especially about the little theaters, make the place quite brilliant. Gas is used without stint or measure in Paris. The Frenchman loves light.

But I find myself drifting back in mind—not to Paris, but to the people of Paris. The most prominent human beings everywhere in Paris are, first, soldiers, with their everlasting blue backs and red legs ; but I do not wish to talk about soldiers now. Next to the soldiers come the workmen—the men who wear the blue blouses, and who have the reputation of throwing up barricades on more or less provocation, and fighting behind them. They are, physically, a fine lot of men—far superior, it seemed to me, to the soldiers. They are always clean ; as the English “navvy” is always dirty. They are intelligent—you see a man with a blue blouse quite as often reading a newspaper as the man in a black coat and silk hat. After these come the middle-aged business men, such as you see at the Bourse, and it seemed to me that they affected the style, or had it in some way, of Englishmen ; but perhaps men who make money have a family resemblance the world over. I know that in Wall street, in the Exchange in London, and in the Paris Bourse, you see faces very much alike. Young Frenchmen, especially the students, with their fine, sharp features,

made me often think of the best class of young Americans, and I checked half-a-dozen times an inclination to speak to such on the presumption that they were my countrymen.

My brief visit dissipated the last slight remains of the impressions received in childhood—impressions probably inherited, for, hundreds of years ago, the Englishman set up an imaginary Frenchman, whom he dubbed “Johnny Crapaud,” a meager, black, thin-legged creature, who screamed and gesticulated like a monkey, who did not believe in God, and who ate frogs. This is the Frenchman of the old English comedies, and has been faithfully copied and reproduced on the American stage—and he is just as natural, and no more so, than the stage Yankee, with his “tarnal” and “tarnation,” words that I, who spent my youth in New England, have never heard seriously uttered in the whole course of my life by anybody.

The Frenchman—the Parisian, at least—is as unlike this caricature as anything can be. In fact, it always appeared to me that, while animated in conversation, the features of the men I met in Paris, when in repose, possessed an expression of sadness. This may be the effect of the overwhelming afflictions—the flood of sorrows which has rolled over Paris within the last few years; but I am inclined to think it is permanent and national. I never saw a Parisian boisterously happy. I once saw, though, a very happy company; it was a wedding party at the little village of Joinville-le-Pont, just outside of Paris, on the banks of the Marne. Our party had finished their dinner, when the wedding party arrived, and sat down to a long table under an arbor looking out on the river. The table was neat and bright, and there was wine, plenty of it. Not only the bridal party proper were on hand,

but apparently all the relatives on both sides, from old people down to children. The father of the bride was there—a noble-looking man, with hair and mustache as fine as silk and white as snow. They all drank the *vin ordinaire*, which forms a regular part of the dinner as much as bread, and numerous bottles of champagne besides; and when the dinner was over, the bride—a sensible-looking but not pretty girl—made the entire circuit of the table and kissed each of the gentlemen on both cheeks, while the bridegroom extended the same courtesy to all the ladies. This was the happiest lot of French people I ever saw, and there was no noise, no vinous excitement—none of the features of the American “tear,” nor of the maudlin demonstrations that occasionally come in at the close of a long series of New-Year’s calls in our country.

And I saw another and very different scene, in which the same class of people took part. It was in the great Parisian cemetery, the Pere la Chaise. As we were riding out—an English friend and myself—we passed a humble funeral procession; the gentlemen all on foot, and all walking bareheaded, in the burning sun, as they had done, perhaps, for miles. Our cabman lifted his hat as we passed. We happened to be near at hand when the company reached the grave-side; and after the prayers were said, one gentleman after another advanced and sprinkled holy water upon the coffin. The principal, the only mourner, I thought, was a young priest, who for a moment gave way to a burst of grief; and it was a thing to look at and remember, the way in which, without any demonstrativeness, each man advanced and gave his hand to that lone mourner.

They say, notwithstanding all this, that the French are pro-

soundly insincere. It may be, or it may not be. I am, it is true, an American—one of a very talented and able race of men; but it has not been given me, the power of knowing the hearts and souls of my fellow-creatures. Omniscience is not one of my specialties, consequently I only judge by what I see and hear; and so, while the French may be, as my clerical British neighbor remarked, “unrestrained by Christian influences, it seems to me, using my “lights,” that the French are a gifted, a brave, a courteous, a deeply-unfortunate and greatly-misunderstood people.

THE SIGHTS OF PARIS.

TO attempt to see in a week a city to which six months might be devoted, is a discouraging task, but it is a still more hopeless undertaking to tell in one chapter what might well make a volume. The reader will, therefore, be charitable enough just to consider this, not as a description, but as a memorandum of some few of the many things to be seen in Paris.

Most people feel a curiosity to know what traces remain of the ravages of the Communists. I should say, very few. It is indeed astonishing how rapidly and thoroughly damages have been repaired. The palace of the Tuileries is still a ruin, but one hardly noticed it in connection with the vast uninjured pile of the Louvre. An immense scaffolding was already up preparatory to rebuilding the Hotel de Ville. The Column Vendome is in place again; and there are, in the heart of the city at least, no traces of the destruction of private property.

I am at a loss which to place first among the attractions of Paris. I suppose, however, that out of ten persons eight, at least, would say the Louvre; but the great historical edifice of Paris is certainly Notre Dame. Its position is picturesque; its history has formed a prominent feature in many romances; yet when I entered it, by one of those unlucky mental impressions which strike us at the most inopportune moments there came to me, not the visions of the earlier and more glorious days of the cathedral,

but the scene described in one of the bitterest passages in that exceedingly bitter book, Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea," in which he describes Notre Dame as being lit up of a chill winter morning by thirty thousand lamps, and resounding with a Te Deum sung in honor of the author of the massacres of December — Louis Napoleon.

The Invalides is a most interesting place, or seemed so to me at least, on account of the old soldiers who live there. I noticed that quite a number of the Englishmen in our party took their hats off to these mutilated old veterans. The tomb of Napoleon is worthy of the man whose ashes repose in it, but the Invalides seems desecrated by being made the burial-place of the lesser Bonaparte. *The Napoleon* was the only man of his family.

The Pantheon is a strange-looking building, on account of the absence of any outside windows, which gives it a dead-wall appearance. We went down into the vaults, where the French officer in charge read in a high-pitched and most melancholy voice the inscriptions on the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau. This was translated into English by the guide. A famous echo is concealed about the premises, but I failed to hear it.

The Gobelin manufactory of tapestry is one of the wonders of Paris—the surprise being that such marvelously beautiful work should be produced by processes which look as simple as those used by a Navajo Indian woman in weaving a blanket. It is nearly all done by hand, and the results are pictures—copies of the finest works in the Louvre, and hardly distinguishable from the original. Bob Ingersoll once said that the tapestries he saw in Europe reminded him of a tablecloth at Metamora, in the second week of court; but I am afraid Robert hasn't a good eye

for tapestry. It is astonishing how the varying expressions of the human countenance can be *woven*. There are some tapestries in Windsor Castle, from the Gobelin, depicting scenes from the story of the Golden Fleece, in which the passions of love, joy, grief and despair are as faithfully portrayed as if done by the greatest painter on earth.

The various arches and columns with which Paris abounds, have been often described. The Arc de Triomphe is the most magnificent; but one gets a trifle tired of military monuments. The names of Napoleon's victories are repeated a thousand times over—attached to streets, to boulevards, to bridges, and finally affixed to all sorts of monuments. Of course I had sooner see a thousand monuments to Napoleon than one to Louis XIV; but one would like to be reminded occasionally of something besides bloodshed.

I passed several times the Champ de Mars, the site of the next international exhibition. The buildings, which were being rapidly pushed forward, are situated on both sides of the Seine. The art building is an immense affair, in the Trocadero, on a rise of ground facing the river. The buildings for other purposes are directly opposite, and connected by a bridge. These last-named buildings are built of iron. The site is a magnificent one.

One of the pleasantest days of my life was spent in a little trip which embraced the Bois de Boulogne, Longchamps, St. Cloud, Versailles and Sevres, in the order named. The morning was delightful, and the fair weather covered the expedition, with the exception of that part of the "home stretch" between Sevres and Paris, when it rained—not with the regular London drizzle, but a genuine American shower—not, of course, as violent as we

have in Kansas, but such as would be considered a good rain in Pennsylvania and that region. One could spend a week at Versailles—not in the town, which is one of the dullest on earth—but in what have been in turn the royal, the imperial, and are now the “national” palaces and grounds. Common things, with something uncommon about them, attract the most attention; and nothing, I believe, was looked at with more interest than the state carriages and harness, which are kept near the palace of the Little Trianon. They were certainly very gorgeous, and, shining in the sun, these moving masses of gold and purple must make royalty for the time an attractive thing. We were shown through the Little Trianon, and saw beautiful pictures, and statues, and furniture; but somehow these empty state apartments always impress me with a sense of dreariness and discomfort. I never saw a state bed that I thought I could sleep in, nor an imperial chair that wouldn’t make my back ache—but I suppose kings have some kind of thrice-illustrious and most serene backs adapted to the furniture. I believe I would rather “take mine ease at mine inn” than in any palace of them all.

The Palace of Versailles, a place famous in history, is most remarkable for its immense collection of portraits—French, English, and even American. I actually saw what might be termed an American historical picture; it represents Washington and Rochambeau discussing the plan of attack at Yorktown. As a rule, there is no recognition of the fact among European artists, past or present, of the existence of the continent of North America. However, there is in the Palace of Versailles the picture I have mentioned, and several portraits, among them the iron face and bristling white hair of old General Jackson.

The porcelain manufactory of Sevres is an interesting place: like the revised statutes of the Medes and Persians, it never changes. It is a government institution, and every French government supports it. No matter what may happen in the revolutionary way, they go on with their pottery at Sevres. A change of government only produces a change in the initials on the tea-cups and saucers. By looking at these, you can always tell who was uppermost when the particular teacup in hand was manufactured. In this manufactory may be seen some of the works of Palissy, king of potters, whose brief biography by Lamartine is one of the noblest tributes to a good and faithful man ever written.

I have alluded to the Louvre, and with it may be mentioned the Luxembourg. It would be idle to attempt any description of these immense collections. In the Luxembourg may be seen a very large number of pictures familiar to Americans through copies, engravings, and even wood-cuts. Among these are several of Rosa Bonheur's pictures, and Regnault's great equestrian portrait of the famous Spanish general, Juan Prim.

One day was devoted to a visit to Champigny, the scene of the terrific fighting of the 30th of November and the 2d of December, 1870. General Ducrot, with a force consisting of National Guards and "Mobiles"—that is to say, comparatively raw troops—attempted to force the investing lines of the Prussians, expecting a similar attack on the other side by Gen. Bourbaki. We drove out along the turnpike road by which Ducrot advanced, and where he lost 1,200 men in going less than a mile. The village of Champigny is on the lower slopes of a hill, the crest of which was finally reached by the French. The hill is covered

with orchards, high stone garden-walls, and scattered houses. The narrow, steep streets of the little village were the scene of a dreadful fight, and the plastered fronts of the houses to this day are spattered all over with the traces of musket-shots. Most of the houses were riddled with shell. The new tiles showed where repairs had been effected in the shattered roofs, but many houses are still in ruins. We see in Champigny, if not in Paris, what war means. Much of the property is for sale. The ruined owners cannot rebuild it. It was from this scene of desolation that we went back to the little village and saw the wedding I have described in a previous letter, where everybody seemed as happy as if Bourbaki had helped Ducrot out, and as if Ducrot had not been obliged to fall back with his half-frozen army to starve in Paris. One of my companions in Champigny was a Scotchman, many years a resident of South Carolina, who had served in the Confederate army. He and myself, for the first time, had the pleasure of inspecting a battle-field in which we had no personal interest.

Of course I visited various places of amusement. I am ashamed to tell how much I was affected—for that is the word—by the beauty of the grand new opera house and the opera I heard therein. Tastes differ, however, and an Englishman who was present, and who I thought was a clergyman in thin disguise, objected to the opera because there was “too much singing”—an objection which struck me as having a flavor of freshness and originality about it. I afterwards heard a countryman of his growling because there was no striking mountain scenery in Holland—where, I presume, he had expected to find

it. The most "Frenchy" play I saw was the "Juif Errant" at the Porte St. Martin theater—a dramatization of Eugene Sue's romance, the "Wandering Jew." I occupied a seat in the parquet, which, in consideration of two sous in hand paid to a bustling French woman, had a cushion on it. The gentlemen around me wore blue blouses and had a weakness for garlic, a vegetable I do not "hanker" after as a rule. They also had a habit of climbing over me and going out between acts, thought I must acknowledge, in justice to them, that they always said, "*Pardon*," or "*S'il vous plait*," as they did it. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the play was very enjoyable on account of the excellence of the acting. The part of Rodin, the Jesuit, was played by M. Paulin-Menier, and was a wonderful piece of work. It was easy to know the political sentiments of those about me, for where Blanche inquires of the old soldier, "Count of the empire: what is that, Dagobert?" and he responds, "*Une betise*," i. e., "An absurdity," there was a general cheer and laugh. Besides this, I went to the circus in the Champs Elysées. I believe some of the gentlemen in the ring were my countrymen; they spoke English, at any rate. But one of the most astonishing incidents at this circus was that I laughed at the clown. He did not say anything, which, perhaps, was what made him so funny; but, be that as it may, I laughed till the tears ran from these aged eyes—for the first time—at a circus—in these last fifty or sixty years.

There are a thousand other things which interested me, but which I will not stay to describe, or attempt it. If any of my readers ever go anywhere, they will go to Paris. That is one of the things certain; and when they get there, they will be

charmed, and, if they will, instructed. I trust all will be able to go, and with a somewhat higher motive than that avowed by one of my fellow-citizens, who, in the midst of the Atlantic, expressed his anxiety to be in Paris, "for," said he, "there are five or six places where they have American mixed drinks, and they're waiting for me there."

SWISS DAYS.

IT was “on a summer evening” that the Doctor and I bade adieu to Monsieur and Madame and the concierge and the chambermaids and the waiters and the bootblacks at the door of the Hotel Coquilliere, and set out on a tour to and through Switzerland. A man-of-all-work attached to the house of Puisgasu accompanied us to the station with the ostensible purpose of attending to our baggage, or rather the Doctor’s—a task for which we feared our French inadequate. The waiter—in connection with everybody attached to the station—contrived to go raving mad for some minutes, during which interval the baggage must have checked itself and got into the baggage-car of its own accord, but at any rate it got there.

It was with a faint twinge of homesickness that we saw the lights of Paris disappear. We had resided in that city for a whole week, and felt like old residents. For my part, I had wandered so much over the same ground, that it seemed as if the Street of the Good Children, and the Street of the Dry Tree, to say nothing of the Street of John James Rousseau, had been my play-ground from infancy; I had grown attached to the young fellow who hung about the great market near the Hotel Coquilliere with “Pauvre Diable” in conspicuous letters upon his cap, and grieved that I should look upon his face no more. However, the best friends must part, and so we rolled away in the purple evening

from Paris, and the wide boulevards; and Louis XIV with his high heels and big wig; and the groups in front of the cafés, with smiles on their faces and spoons in their hands; and the glorious company of cab-drivers, with their glazed hats and red vests; and the three armies that perpetually garrison Paris—the army of workmen in blue blouses, the army of soldiers in red trousers, and the army of priests in shovel hats.

No Pullman, no sleep, is the rule with your correspondent, and so it was a pleasure to see daylight again, and with it came a strange country, and a regiment of big men with helmets marching along a turnpike with the ponderosity and solidity and accuracy of a steam plow. We were out of France, and these soldiers were Germans, and not many hours after we were at Bale, “which the same” is in Switzerland.

An erudite gentleman of far-western origin long ago remarked, that a man must be a startling case of fool who could not spell a word more than one way, and Bale is one of the words he meant. It is spelled Basle, Basel, and, I believe, in other ways. I have selected the easiest—and, while the reader is at perfect liberty to call the name what he likes, I would remark that many respectable people in the neighborhood pronounce it “Bawl.”

At Bale, then, in Switzerland, we “struck” a new country, and something new in the way of language. The people of Switzerland speak any language unknown to the particular traveler in hand. When addressed in German, they answer fluently in French. If you pride yourself on speaking the pure Ollendorf French, you will awake a storm of German which fairly sweeps you off your feet. The best way is to call two Swiss to your assistance: one will certainly speak French and the other Ger-

man—then address them both in English. By following these directions, even a deaf-mute may travel all over Switzerland with perfect safety.

Bale was “laid out” before that curse of our modern and artificial society—the “city engineer”—was invented. The word “grade” was unknown in the infancy of Bale. The necessity of digging down trees and leaving some houses high and dry and others low and wet, for the sake of getting things on the “established grade,” was not apparent to the early Common Councils of Bale. Where the Creator had made a hill it was supposed to be intended as a permanent arrangement, and has been suffered to remain as such. If the hill ascends at an angle of forty-five degrees, that is the “grade.” All the streets of old Bale are paved with what are called “cobbles” in New England; and very steep, and queer, and crooked, and “cobbly” are the streets aforesaid. The roofs, also, of Bale are as high and steep as practicable, and their surface is broken by numerous windows, which have steep little roofs also. Sunlight is not much of an object, as it costs nothing; and so there are many streets in the town that enjoy the luxury only for a little while in the middle of the day. Some of the houses are flanked with towers, and have a rusty and resolute appearance; being relics of those charming old days when battle-axes, crossbows, catapults, slings, and a kettle of Greek fire were conveniences in every well-regulated family.

At Bale there is a famous minster, built heaven knows when, and in it there was once held a council, which sat I do not know how many years, and decided I do not now remember what. I think they “shipped” one Pope and elected another; but my memory fails me now as to details. The minster is now in the

hands of the Protestants. The guide, who spoke Franco-German-English, was very courteous, and took us into the armory, where are weapons from all the battle-fields in history. I inquired for relics of several lively conflicts, and he unhesitatingly produced them. I believe if I had asked him for a shield and javelin used at Bunker Hill he would have brought out the property. The guide pointed out to us a curious wooden head, which, if I correctly understood his polyglot remarks, was intended to indicate to the preacher when the congregation had had about enough. By concealed clock-work the eyes of the head are made to swing around and the tongue to protrude in a manner sufficiently awful, I should think, to make any preacher stop in the middle of his discourse and get "leave to print." I remember little of the minster of Bale except this wooden head, and a stone knight carved on the front of the edifice, who had run his spear lengthwise through a dragon. The dragon looked sick.

I should not omit to say that the Bale I have been describing is the old town. There is a new town, as smart and handsome as could be desired, with the usual boulevards and parks and statues; for Bale is a very rich town, made so, in part at least, by the manufacture of ribbons. St. Elizabeth's, a fine modern church, was erected at the expense of a single citizen. At Bale, one sees the Rhine, the "blue and arrowy" Rhine, a very fine stream, and deserving of all the verses which have been written about it.

Leaving Bale, we went by rail to Lucerne; and on arriving there, went to the Hotel des Cygnes, which hotel I selected because the name reminded me of the Marais des Cygnes. It was approaching sunset, and a slight shower was falling, when I looked out of a window and saw a rainbow which eclipsed all the other

rainbows of my life; for it stretched like an arch from mountain to mountain, and the bright Lake of the Four Cantons lay beneath. *The mountain of the neighborhood is Mount Pilatus, named in honor of Pontius Pilate.* It is a noble eminence, and why Pilate's name should be conferred on it, is an unfathomable mystery. I have known towns that might be named Pilateville, or Nerosburg, or New Sodom, with perfect propriety; but why this fine mountain should be named after a great historical criminal, is, as I have said, quite a puzzle to me.

We reposed in peace at the Hotel "Marais des Cygnes," and rose with the sun, the lark, the early bird that catches the wakeful worm, and all the other early-rising things, and looked out upon Lucerne and the lake. The former is a handsome town, and old, of course. In the old time, it was the gathering-place of those Swiss mercenaries who sold their swords to foreign powers. From thence they marched "over the hills and far away," to fight—perchance to die. The virtue of these men was fidelity; the bargain made, gold for blood, and they stood to the agreement to the bitter end: and to this virtue of theirs is erected at Lucerne the most poetical and impressive monument I have ever seen. In a quiet spot, a little out of the town, arises in the midst of surrounding trees a bold cliff, and in the face of this has been carved a gigantic lion, designed by the great Thorwaldsen. The poor brute has been mortally hurt—you see the broken spear in his side—but in his death agony he rests his great head and one mighty paw on the shield of the house of Bourbon, as if making one last convulsive effort to defend it. Thus is preserved the memory of the Swiss guards who were killed in Paris, upholding the cause of their adopted sovereign. But poor lion—

poor, brave old lion! thou mightst have found a better pillow for thy dying head than the shield of that false house.

We decided to take a voyage on the lakes—for what is really the same body of water is called in different parts by different names. I despair of giving any idea of the beauty of the scenery. The only American lake scenery I have ever seen approaching it in beauty is that of Lake George, but there the majestic mountains are wanting—at least *such* mountains. The voyage was a continuous delight. The last few miles were upon the waters of the Lake of Uri, famous for its connection with the history of William Tell. Every headland has some story connected with Tell—and yet people say there never was any Tell. At Fluelen we left the boat, and proceeded to Altdorf. We would like to hear anybody dispute the existence of Tell in Altdorf, for here is his image in plaster, standing on the spot where he stood when he let fly at the Ben Davis on his son's head, and, to "make assurance doubly sure," the spot is marked where the boy himself stood. A nice little village is Altdorf—Old Town—and at the inn of the Golden Key you may get a dinner which would have softened the heart of Gessler himself. The town is in a very narrow valley, the great mountains stretching away on either hand, and on one side the town has climbed up the hill a little way, and there are little vineyards and orchards and gardens, and the wood in which no man may cut a tree, because the trees stand between the people and the dreadful avalanche which would soon make an end of Altdorf; and high up amid the half-hidden stone walls and the maze of green trees and vines, is the monastery of the Capuchins. It was high noon when we clambered up to the little retreat, and the mellow light of the sun

shone on all. No man greeted us when we entered the court-yard, but the black gowns of two of the monks lay on the wall, as if their owners had hastily retreated on hearing approaching footsteps. In the plain chapel there was no occupant, and we noted only a carved arm and hand projecting from the pulpit, and holding out the cross. We went into the garden. It was on the steep side of the mountain, and the earth was held in place by terraces, against which pears were trained, and then there were evergreens carved in fantastic shapes, and a fountain that sang to itself all day and all night, and below, seen through the trees, were the spire of the church and the roofs of Altdorf. How old and still, and how far away from our New World it seemed. One in this place might well believe there had never been any Luther nor any trouble in the church, and that there was none now; still, as I clambered down a narrow path to the village, the Swiss guide asked me if I was from the United States, and said that he had once lived in Peoria! Yes, he had lived in Peoria, and also in St. Louis, where he would like to live still, but his health had failed him, and so he had to come back to Altdorf. His heart was not, it seemed, in these mountains, which I had come so far to see, nor did he care for the song of the Capuchins' fountain which I had stopped to hear, but he had rather be at Peoria, or perhaps St. Louis, which was larger, a good deal, than Altdorf and Peoria put together. He talked of America till we got to the church, which had a magnificent altar, and pictures, which the man from Peoria said came from Rome, and then he took us into a chapel, and there, on shelves, were the skulls, the guide said, of the Swiss guards in whose honor the great lion at Lucerne had been carved.

In this little voyage on the lake, and in the visit to Altdorf, and for some hours after, the Doctor and myself had the benefit of the society of Mr. Henry M. Knox, of St. Paul, an American, agreeable even in Europe. I inferred, from what this gentleman told me, that while in London he did not stop at the Langham, and yet he was indeed to me "a man and a brother," full of courtesy and abounding in information. The American name would be far more popular abroad were there more well-informed and unpretending travelers like my St. Paul friend, and fewer loud, bumptious, purse-proud ignoramuses.

Two things a man should never do if he can help himself: firstly, he should never eat anything he don't like; and secondly, he should never go anywhere merely because it is the fashion to do so. The second of these rules I violated in ascending Rigi, and remaining there to see the sun rise the next morning. The ascent by railway was very pleasant, and the sunset view was glorious. In remaining all night, however, my conduct is explainable only by the answer to Archbishop Whateley's celebrated conundrum, "Why does a donkey prefer thistles to hay?" The hotel was the stupidest in Switzerland—one of those never-sufficiently-abused places where they fire off the dish-covers, and bring in the courses to the "Dead March in Saul." Then it was cold—as it always is—and the humane proprietor has posted notices that guests will not be allowed to carry off bed-clothes in which to see the sun rise; in other words, no man is allowed to "wrap the drapery of his couch about him." No, not if he freezes his bunions off. Mr. Kirk, in his otherwise excellent history of Charles the Bold, says that, on Rigi at sunrise, "Successive groups of giant Alps rise out of the night and receive on

their icy brows warm kisses from the radiant dawn.” As far as my experience goes, I emerged from the gossamer sheets and gauzy blankets of my Rigi bed at the first notes of the Alpine horn (gratuity fifty centimes). It was not a cloudy morning, as is generally the case, but there was no “radiant dawn”—the sun sneaked up from behind a mountain and kissed nothing. It was cold, as well as “stale, flat and unprofitable.” So much for sunrise on Rigi.

A pleasant sail in the bright morning brought us back to Lucerne, and we went thence to Alpnach and to Berne, and so on to fair Geneva.

SWISS DAYS.

BEFORE we proceed further on our travels through Switzerland, we will deal out a bit of general information on the subject of Swiss tourists. Two kinds of people go to Switzerland: one goes to perform an operation called "doing" the country, the other merely goes to see it. The first class insist on climbing the mountains, and go lugging about a lot of lumber in the shape of alpenstocks, and wear all kinds of hideous gaiters, and carry knapsacks, and try to look as nearly as possible like Bunyan's Pilgrim before his burden of sins was removed. They know all the ten thousand Swiss peaks by name; they have "done" the Matterhorn, and intend to "do" the Wetterhorn and a great many other horns beside. The English lead in this sort of thing, and every summer a number of them are killed in climbing the mountains. There is an organization called the "Alpine Club," designed to encourage the idiotic destruction of human life. It is quite successful in its ends and aims.

It is quite unnecessary to say, that during my few days in Switzerland I did not coöperate with the "Alpine Club." As John A. Anderson would probably illustrate it, there is no ampelopsis about me. I do not care to climb, and have always thought Mr. Longfellow's young man "Excelsior" was a lunatic. The joys of snow-blinded eyes, sore lungs, thumping hearts and blistered legs, to say nothing of an involuntary trapeze performance over the

edge of a cliff four thousand feet high, have never impressed me. So I did not "do" Switzerland. And yet I would say for the benefit of constitutionally timid and lazy persons like myself, that a tour through Switzerland is not absolutely dreary and joyless, even without an alpenstock or hob-nailed shoes, or a knapsack, or a cane with the name of all the elevations in Switzerland inscribed on it. One can appreciate the "purple peaks that tear the drifting skies of gold," though looking up from the green valley that rests like a bird's nest amid the glorious mountains that rise, first green, then purple, then gray, then white and shining like the gates of the New Jerusalem. Not a charm of blue lake, or white and waving, rainbow-girt waterfall, or mysterious glacier, or winding road, or village set like a jewel in the brow of the mountain, need be lost, even though the traveler be the very quietest person in the world, and destitute of the least ambition for "doing" anything. Having "unpacked my heart" of these "views," I will begin our travels in another paragraph.

From Lucerne we went by boat to Alpnach. Here we were to be transported by diligence to Brienz. I believe there were some diligences in the crowd of vehicles, yet due diligence had not been used in getting enough of them; but there was everything else that goes on wheels. If "variety" is "spice," it was an uncommonly well-seasoned lot. And horses were there, too, of every variety of architecture—"Gothic," "Early English" (very early), "Pre-Historic," and so on. Why any doubt should exist about William Tell or Arnold Winkelried, I do not understand; there were certainly horses there that remembered both those gentlemen.

There was a very large number of passengers to be divided

around among these luxurious equipages. The assignment was effected by calling out the numbers, of which each passenger held at least one, and the calling was done in German. Now I knew but one German numeral, "zwei," which I had heard mentioned in my native country in connection with "glass o' lager," and how were my companion and myself to know when the numbers 24,877—8, respectively, were called? Here was a "language lesson" indeed needed. It was "fixed"—a franc slipped into the hand of the gentlemanly and urbane caller solved all difficulties. Somehow, numbers made no difference after that. It was no appreciable time till we were in our "kerridge," and rolling off, and we had the pleasure of hearing the numeration table in German going on as long as we could hear anything. It really does not make much difference what is your vernacular in Switzerland, so you speak franc-ly.

It was a long ride over a magnificent road—up, up, all the way for miles, though at times the rise was imperceptible. We passed from the shores of one little lake to those of another—a sort of rosary of lakes. The mountains rose close on the one hand, and just across the lake or the narrow green valley, on the other. The base of the mountains is covered with pines or other forest trees, and these are protected by law, as they protect the country below from the avalanches. Nevertheless, you see the long tracks of these descents, like a seam on the mountain-side, at not infrequent intervals. It is astonishing at what angles trees will grow. The pines stand thick where it seems as if the earth must infallibly slip. Above the line of forest, extend in many instances miles of pasture land; for where the trees give up the attempt, the humble grass provokes grim nature to a smile.

Sometimes the grass grows to the very summit, but generally the sky-line is broken by a succession of sharp peaks, having that saw-like appearance which in our mountains is indicated by the word "sierra." These sharp points are called by the Swiss, "needles," and it is said that they are crumbling and breaking away; and I have an idea that in the good time coming, say in a billion years or such a matter, the face of nature will be calmer and brighter and more peaceful; rain will fall where is the burning desert now; the volcanoes will be extinguished; and in that golden time, when earth is what Eden was, and even church choirs have ceased to fight, the rugged outlines of the Alps will have greatly changed, and the "needles" will have lost their points, and the victorious grass will wave in triumph where now is the bare and lightning-splintered rock. This description and prediction applies only to the lower Alps; of Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau, and that style of mountains, I have little hope. Immense in surface, traversed by tremendous gorges, the dark shadows of which may be seen miles away, crowned with eternal snow, cold, proud, and looking down on other mountains, they will never be ameliorated, but will ever remain magnificent solitudes, broken only by adventurous Englishmen with a passion for breaking their necks.

Scattered over these lofty pastures of which I have spoken, are the Swiss chalets—curious houses, which, perched in these lofty places, look like martin-boxes. How the people get up there, or, having got there, get down again, this deponent knoweth not. These pastures are roamed over by the famous Swiss cattle. One authority says there are about 200,000 cows in Switzerland, and that they are valued at one hundred dollars each. I never saw

over a dozen of them; but if you look up at the high pastures with a glass you will see dark specks—those are the cows. They are in color very like the Jerseys, but larger, and have heavy legs, produced, I suppose, by constant climbing. Swiss cheese is found everywhere in Europe: it is quite palatable, though it does not linger in one's memory like Limburg.

In the valley, as we journeyed toward the Brunig Pass, we saw orchards and attempts at farming; but I think the crops from one of the farms might be gathered in the pockets of a good-sized Ulster. The people have other resources: wood carving is one of these, and the work done in this line is astonishingly beautiful. All along the mountain roads women and girls offer for sale fruits, flowers and cakes. In Switzerland the "woman question" is settled by the supremacy of the female. When we doubled our team to make the ascent of the pass, it was a woman who hitched the horses and walked beside them with even steps to the top of the hills. The women are the "business men" everywhere. In the different cantons different female costumes are worn, and photographs of the same pretty girls in the same costumes are for sale everywhere. It would seem that the artist used up the stock of female loveliness in Switzerland.

All this time we are journeying by the route through the Brunig Pass. We reached the head of the pass at last; and you would like to know what we saw? Then you must go and see for yourself. Everything I ever saw in dreams of lofty mountains; of "airy pinnacles that syllable men's names;" of cataracts bounding in snowy whiteness into mid-air and passing away in rainbow-tinted mist; everything I ever saw on canvas of flying

clouds or azure sky; everything I ever imagined in waking hours of forest, dale or stream, was there.

We looked our fill at this beautiful prospect, for our vehicle made a long stop at a little inn just at the head of the pass, and all the passengers save the Doctor and myself got out. Nothing was wanting. It was evening, and it was still.

The road is very steep and very crooked down the descent, but is an admirable specimen of engineering, and we went swiftly and safely down to the lake, where the steamer was waiting. We passed the last hours of daylight on the lake, fortunately having light enough to see the cataract at Giessbach.

It was 9 o'clock at night when by boat and rail we arrived at Interlaken, and here we realized the force of Bishop Heber's line, "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." A more unaccommodating and insolent lot of brutes than those who formed the "staff" of the Victoria Hotel at Interlaken, I never had the ill-fortune to meet before or since. They were too much for us, and we sought safety, "rest and a light, and food and fire," at the Hotel Ritschard, where we were treated with the utmost humanity.

First impressions, with me at least, settle the business, so I saw nothing agreeable about Interlaken, left it as soon as possible, and regretted that it was necessary to stay so long. The prettiest view about Interlaken, as Dr. Johnson thought about Scotland, is the road leading away from it.

Another little lake voyage on a lovely day brought us to Thun. At this little town is located the artillery school of Switzerland, and here Louis Napoleon, then a captain in the Swiss artillery, passed several years. It was curious to think of a man for a time

so prominently before the eyes of the world as having once vegetated in this out-of-the-way place, and one wondered in what dreams he may have indulged of future greatness when living his hum-drum life among these mountains.

Evening brought us to Berne, a place which had for years possessed an interest for me, as having been the birth-place of a very dear friend. A queer, Middle-Age sort of place is old Berne. I never saw a town that seemed so full of, say the fourteenth century. The names of the streets, and the aspect of the streets themselves, as seen in the evening-time, all carried one back to the old days. The promenade of the town is the Terrasse, or the cathedral yard. It is surrounded by a parapet, over which you look down a lofty wall into the chimneys of the houses of the mouldy-looking streets along the river bank. An inscription, set in the parapet, tells how a wild student jumped his horse over at that point. The student escaped, became pious from the shock, and was, in after-days, a clergyman; but this did not essentially benefit the poor horse, who was killed by the fall.

Berne is particularly rich in town pumps, or fountains, of which there are enough to fill simultaneously all the iron teakettles of all the Russians in Kansas. Each of these fountains is ornamented by a graven image of some kind. One represents a fierce-looking reprobate devouring an armful of children. The young ones who are waiting to hear the call of "Next," appear to fully comprehend the horror of the situation. I suppose this statue is intended to keep in order the young Bernese, but those solid specimens of Swiss youth appeared quite indifferent. Coming up street I saw a boy behind a tree with his eyes shut, counting vigorously in German. I knew at once the game of "Hide

and seek," or, in my Western vernacular, "High spy." This boy was the "blinder." I learned from the Doctor that, in his boyhood in Scotland, the impressive formula of "Iry, ury, ickery, ann," etc., was used in counting out the first "blinder," exactly as in the United States. Men and nations may differ, but boys are the same in every country and every age. I have no doubt that Jacob and Esau played "mumble-peg" according to the rules governing the game in our time.

Berne has a famous clock. In the fullness of time a man hits a bell with a hammer, a procession of bears march out and back again, a cock crows twice, and a rummy-looking old king nods his head, opens his mouth, and moves his scepter with each stroke of the hour. Occasionally the king fails to perform his functions, the bears do not appear, or the cock is out of order; but on the occasion of our visit, man, bears, king and cock all went off with charming regularity.

I think the original location of the story of "Go it husband, go it bear," must have been Berne, for the town is not only full of bears of wood, stone and metal, but several live bears have been kept for ages in a pit for the benefit of the corporation. To go to Berne and not see the bears would be unpardonable. The bears were not as savage as I could have wished, and seemed satisfied to eat carrots—though the inhabitants informed me, with great pride and pleasure, that the bears had once eaten an Englishman who had tumbled into the den.

Berne derives its principal distinction from its bears and from its being the capital of the Swiss Confederation. We visited the "Capitol." The "Senate" and "House" were very neat, handsome rooms, though I saw there no such portraits as those which

adorn the legislative halls of Kansas; in fact, I may say that I have never seen pictures like those anywhere else!

The country between Berne and Freiburg is not very interesting, as seen from the car windows. We stopped at Freiburg not to *see*, but to hear its famous organ, which had been warmly commended to us by Mr. Knox, whom I have mentioned in a previous letter. Freiburg (this is only one way of spelling it) is a very high, dry, rocky-old place, inhabited by stolid, hard-working people, who wear wooden shoes, and do not seem to be happy. There is, in a rocky little plaza, a lime tree, which commemorates the battle of Morat, in which the Freiburgers assisted the other Swiss in routing and butchering the powerful army of Charles the Bold. Morat is miles away, but a Freiburg boy ran all the way to his town with a lime-tree branch in his hand as a symbol of triumph, uttered the word "Victory," and fell dead in his tracks. The lime branch was planted, and is now a wide-spreading tree, with a great trunk. There are wooden seats around the tree, and the limbs are held up by timbers. On the benches sat sundry wooden-shoed Freiburgers, smoking long pipes, while a sort of fair went on around about, the principal objects of traffic being red handkerchiefs and old scrap-iron. As the hour for the organ-playing had not arrived, we spent some time, after the lime tree was disposed of, looking at the carved work about the main entrance of the church of St. Nicholas. In connection with the church of "Santa Claus," the patron of children, one had a right to expect something benevolent in the way of sculpture, but "on the contrary quite the reverse," the ornamentation was decidedly fiendish. An angel was depicted weighing a lot of the good and bad with a pair of old-fashioned balances; the wicked, of course,

"kicked the beam," in spite of a devil who was trying to pull them down. On the other side, a devil, every line of his countenance marked by business energy, was carrying off a quantity of children in a basket to a boiling cauldron, while another devil was blowing the fire under this kettle with a hand-bellows.

Two score people had gathered in the church, when the ringing of a bell announced that the organist had taken his place. Outside was hot, toiling, dirty, commonplace, ugly Freiburg; within was dimness and coolness and stillness, until the music broke the silence and woke the echoes of the vaulted arches. With the first note, the outer world, so drear and hard, seemed far away, and we were in the green valley amid the everlasting mountains. It was sunshine and song for awhile, and we heard, near or far, full or faint, the notes of the Alpine horn. Then the thunder muttered in the distance; then the pine-tops shivered and sighed; then a mysterious wind seemed to sweep through the space above our heads, and there was the sound of falling rain. Anon came the storm in all its fury, and the organ crashed and roared till women turned pale; and then, most wonderful of all, one heard above the fury of the storm, voices like the voices of human beings lost—calling, calling, calling in notes of entreaty and despair. No other instrument made by man have ever I heard, that had such a *human* voice as the great organ at Freiburg. This wonderful performance lasted an hour, and closed with a clangor as of the shutting of silver doors upon music that had come once and would never come again.

Everything had a new light after we left the church, and we were miles away before we ceased to hear in our "mind's ear" (for I suppose the mind has an ear as well as an "eye") the

music of the organ. It was a preparation for the beauteous sight when Lake Leman, shining in the sun, burst upon our vision, skirted by the vine-clad slopes. We passed by Vevay, and that reminded me how we read in our geographies that Switzers established a town of Vevay in the United States, and entered upon the cultivation of the vine; but the geographers did not tell how they succeeded, and it is a long time since I have heard of them.

Now that I have reached Lake Leman, I might as well imitate the laudable example of Captain Scott's coon and "come down." The country is as well known to everybody in the United States as "Down the Santa Fé road" is to the readers of Topeka newspapers. From Byron, with his "Prisoner of Chillon," down to Joaquin Miller, every traveling poet has had his say about Lake Leman and its shores. Lausanne and Geneva sound to everybody like Mark Twain's "Lancaster" and "Centerville," in the Holy Land.

There is such a thing as the "cream" of a journey, and it does not take long to skim it off. This process was performed, as far as Switzerland was concerned, by the time we reached Geneva. We went to Chamouni, of course, and we looked attentively at Mont Blanc, but it did not impress me as did a hundred other views in Switzerland. I believe I would rather see Pike's Peak. The ride from Geneva to Chamouni, by diligence, was rather interesting, for one of our fellow-travelers was an American lawyer who had traveled before; knew French and German; acted as interpreter for all hands, and was a capital talker on any and every subject. It did me good to feel that my fellow-citizen was the brightest man in the diligence.

A few hours sufficed for Chamouni and Mont Blanc. I will

return to Chamouni when the present village has been justly destroyed by an avalanche for extortion, and will ascend Mont Blanc when it can be done by railway.

These last words may seem to indicate that some feeling of regret followed the little journey I made in Switzerland, but this is not true. On the contrary, it left bright memories, which will brighten, as do apples, when come the colder days. Should I live to be very old—which heaven forbid—when the sun above is no longer bright and warm; when the few faces of the dear ones left shall be dim; when I shall forget the things of yesterday, even names that I have repeated a thousand times; even in that last scene, when the poor old faded curtain is about to fall, I believe that I shall live over again the days of my pilgrimage—young days, bright days, “Swiss Days.”

BRUSSELS AND ITS BATTLE-FIELD.

GOING north from Paris I took the best railway, the Chemin de Fer du Nord, and saw the best country that came under my observation in France. After passing St. Denis there seem to be no traces of the great war. The country lies open to the eye, the fields are larger, the cultivation better, and the villages more prosperous-looking than in either eastern or western France.

I had very few traveling companions. It seems to me that the French are not great travelers. I never saw in France what would be considered a full railroad train in England or America. For some time before Mons was reached there was but one person in the carriage with me—a portly old gentleman with a bald head. He did not get out at the dining stations, but solaced himself with some bread, pears, and a bottle of wine which he had with him. During his repast he remained as he had done before, silent; but as we passed the frontier, he pointed out the window, uttered the solitary word “Belge,” and commenced to talk politics.

I am an indifferent talker about politics in English, and in America, and it was certainly up-hill business to discuss French politics in an “unknown tongue,” in Belgium; but whether I succeeded in “defining my position” or not, my companion blew his

French horn with no uncertain sound. He was from Tours, he said—a town overrun with priests and monarchists. He thought MacMahon was a numbskull, and as much of a tyrant as he knew how to be; Thiers (since dead) had been of some service, but was no longer useful; Gambetta was a firebrand; but it was when he spoke of the late L. Napoleon that the bald head of my venerable friend grew red as fire, and he denounced him as the greatest criminal of the age. He said Charles X and Louis Phillippe were good-enough men personally, but, like all other kings, were "pretenders." Any man who set himself up as a king was an impostor. When pressed for an answer as to his own favorite statesman, he replied that men were nothing to him, that he went for principle—a rather vague way of talking pending an election. I mention this case because it was the only instance in which I heard a Frenchman approach anything like a political conversation; and this was not in France, but Belgium. I fancy, however, that the discontented tone of this old gentleman's talk reflects the general feeling in France. The poor French—they have struggled for liberty so these many years; have shed their blood for it; but they are as far from it as ever. It needs something besides taking down the word "Imperial" and substituting for it the word "National;" it takes something besides the words "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," carved in cold, dead stone, to make a people free.

The country in northern France, which, in real-estate agents' parlance, would be called "gently rolling," becomes flat in Belgium. The roads are lined with trees, fairer and larger than the trim poplars that divide the landscape in France, and clouds of

smoke rising at different points along the horizon betoken the presence of manufacturing towns, for Belgium is one of the greatest producers of manufactured iron.

Brussels at first struck me as a dreary town. Paris having set the fashion, the rage in all European cities is now for boulevards: these, in their newness and vastness, produce a Sahara-like impression on the traveler. They will look better a century hence, when their immensity is reduced by the now small trees. Brussels, however, improves on acquaintance. The Hotel de Ville is a fine old building, and the little square is of historical interest, for in it Egmont and Horn were executed. The square is a market-place now, and the day I saw it was flower day, and the whole space was radiant, mostly with fuchsias, which appear to be a favorite flower in the old country. Not far from the Hotel de Ville is the house where was heard the "sound of revelry by night." It is now a club house. My indignation was stirred, not far from here, in visiting a famous lace manufactory. Here the marvelously-beautiful lace shawls, which sell almost for their weight in gold, are made. The work is all done by hand, and so slowly and painfully that it makes one's eyes ache to see the women at their toil. The woman in charge told me that four or five years is required to learn, during which the women receive no wages, and that after they have acquired the art they receive the munificent sum of two francs or about forty cents a day. They wanted to sell me a pocket handkerchief, about the size of a sheet of letter-paper, for thirty-five francs, but I declined. I was unwilling to support such a system of extortion, and shall never wear any Brussels lace as long as I live.

The cathedral of St. Gudule, in Brussels, is a very beautiful

building, and has an advantage, rare in these old edifices, of standing on high ground. *Notre Dame* is on an island, and *Westminster Abbey* in the *Thames* "bottom;" but *St. Gudule* is on the slope of a hill, and surrounded by a high platform, so wide that carriages drive around it. The interior is filled with "the dim religious light" so often spoken of—so seldom seen. The carved wood-work of the pulpit is wonderfully fine; the figures, life-size, representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden. There is a monument in this church, which is surmounted by a figure of Charity giving a little child a piece of bread, that is full of poetry and sweetness.

The public grounds of Brussels are not extensive, but very handsome, and much resorted to. The city, of course, is full of statues, the finest being that of Godfrey of Bouillon, king of Jerusalem, who was born in the neighborhood. These old Crusaders look well in bronze, but they were an uncomfortable lot when alive. Few more bloody beasts have ever lived than the adored Richard of the Lion Heart. I am glad he and his outfit are all comfortably dead and buried.

Prior to going to Brussels, I had forgotten all about the battle of Waterloo, but being so near the scene of that once-celebrated action, my recollections being aroused by seeing the house where "soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again," and hearing also the "car rattling o'er the stony street," I resolved to go out to the locality from whence the order for the "first four" to "forward and back" was interrupted by the "cannon's opening roar."

You go out to the field by an English coach, driven by an English coachman, who assured me, however, that the horses

were not British, but a “bloody lot of old screws” of Belgian extraction. All my fellow-voyagers were English, going out to admire the field where some thousands of their countrymen got killed for nothing.

The road winds for some distance through the Bois de Cambre, a very handsome pleasure-ground constructed from the natural forest—just such as might be formed near almost every American city. You then come out on a macadamized road, constructed during the reign of Napoleon to connect Brussels with Paris, and passing through a succession of villages and fields, you finally reach the ugly little village of Waterloo, which gave its name to the battle. In the little Catholic church of the village are monuments to many of the officers killed in the fight, and one slab actually commemorates the fact that some private soldiers were killed there also. On seeing this, the ladies of the party broke into exclamations of delight at the noble spirit which prompted this recognition of the bravery of mere common soldiers; whereupon I quoted to them, with a feeling of calm and sweet satisfaction, the well-known passage from their own historian, Napier, how the “British soldier conquered in the cool shade of the aristocracy.”

A few more fields passed, and you are on the ground where, we are told, was decided the “destiny of Europe,” which destiny has, nevertheless, been “decided” several times since. A guide—a sharp-looking young fellow in a blouse, who spoke English with a strong French accent, and who had evidently learned his English from cockneys—started at the head of the party. There were but two skeptics in the party, one of them being a young Englishman, a conservative in politics at that, but who, for some

reason, disbelieved in the doctrine that Wellington made this world and all that therein is. We walked together, and in the rear of the rest of the party, so as not to interrupt them in their "devotions." I think the guide regarded us as "separatists," and added occasionally to his usual speech, for our benefit.

The field of Waterloo has not been greatly changed in appearance since the day of the battle. There are some lines of trees where there were none then, and a bit of forest near the farm of Hougoumont has been cut down, but the roads are on the same lines, and the appearance of things generally, on the August day when I beheld it, was essentially the same as on the June Sunday when the armies met. It is in its outline very much like the country lying around the north side of Burnett's Peak, near Topeka, though in better cultivation: as a rule, a gently-undulating region, covered with grain and grass fields, undivided by any fences except scanty hedges, for the "herd law" prevails in Belgium.

Looking over the field, it would be hard to see why it should have been selected as a place to give battle, were it not for one position, and that is the farm of Hougoumont, which was held by the English from first to last. Imagine a farm-house in New England with the old orchard adjoining it, and all the buildings, house, barns and barn-yard surrounded by a heavy, solid brick wall ten feet high and over a foot thick, and you have an idea of this position. Against anything but artillery, the place, if resolutely defended—as it was—ought to be held, one to four, as it was. To add to the strength of the place, it was covered by English batteries further back in the "prairie," who could fire over it into the timber—now gone—in which the French advanced,

pretty well covered, I should think, to a point close to the wall. There appears to have been no attempt to breach the wall with artillery, the French finally contenting themselves with shelling the interior, by which the little chapel was set on fire, partly burned, and the wounded, who had been placed therein, suffocated. You can see the charred cross-beam over the door to this day. No description ever conveyed to me, as did the sight of the place, the savage nature of the fight. The French surged around this inclosure and rushed for it like wild-cats. They penetrated to the orchard, but were driven out. They found the barn-yard gate open, and got inside a few feet, but were forced out; the gate was shut in their faces by two men, and then one of the assailants climbed to the top of the gate and fell riddled with musket balls. The brick wall was loop-holed (the openings remain), and a platform was built on which the English stood and fired over. For the French, it was like charging the steep sides of a double-decker with all her guns blazing. The outside of the wall looks as if it had had the small-pox, but the French fire was thrown away alike on the brick wall and the iron men who defended it. The wall crumbled here and there, and here and there a soldier fell, but neither the wall nor the British soldier gave way. That brick wall stayed the onward progress of Napoleon. Against it his eagle dashed himself and died.

The place is cursed, I think. The same family own it, I believe, that did in the days of Waterloo, but no longer reside there. Traces remain of the formal old French garden, with its balustrades now fallen, and overgrown with grass. The old apple trees, whose roots wind about the bones of dead men, have a mournful look. It is a doleful place, which the summer sun cannot

brighten. We went away from there, and walked to the high mound of earth erected to commemorate the victory. This is ascended by a flight of steps, and from thence you can see every part of the field—here yellow, here brown, here green, here marked by the straight line of a dusty road, here traversed by a scrubby hedge-row, dotted at intervals with white-plastered farm-houses with red roofs. All the places, which on one Saturday were nothing and on the evening of Sunday had gone into history, were in sight—La Haye Sainte, La Belle Alliance, and the rest. When we got out into the open ground the guide grew animated. He described the charge of the Imperial Guard, the last effort of the French. “Zey were command,” said he, “by ze Zheneral Cambronne. Zey call on him to surrendare, but he zay, ‘Ze Guard die, he nevare surrendare.’” And then he added, looking significantly at the Englishman and myself, “Victor Hugo zay he zay somethings else.” On top of the mound the guide went over the story with all the animation of the “delineator” of a panorama. “Vare you sees zose leetle black booshes,” said he, “stood ze Scot Grees and ze Enniskeeleners. Ven Napoleon he saw ‘em, he zay to Marshal Soult, ‘Ah, zose gree horses, zose terrible gree horses; if I had four such regiment I would take ze world. But I take zem in zis time.’ ‘Mon Empereur,’ zay Marshal Soult, ‘you no know zose English; you cut him in pieces, but he nevare give up.’” As you stand on the mount there stretches away, almost from beneath your feet, a straight road apparently level with the surrounding surface. This was once the “sunk road of Ohain,” in which, according to Victor Hugo, the head of the column of charging French cavalry was swallowed up. It then ran along the bottom of a sort of trench,

fifteen feet deep, but the removal of the earth to build the huge mound has leveled one side of the trench.

Accustomed to the long lines of the great battles of our late war, to an American the space in which the battle of Waterloo was fought seemed singularly limited. You can see from one end of the field to the other without the aid of a glass.

The ground was more favorable for the Allies than the French, owing, as I have said, to the possession of the farm of Hougoumont, and also to the fact that Wellington was able to keep a considerable force sheltered behind what we would call in Kansas a "roll" in the "prairie." The French, being the attacking force, necessarily had to take more medicine than the Allies, or, I might as well say, the British, who made the real fight. It was a field where sheer courage and endurance had more to do with results than strategy. The defeat of Napoleon was due to the stubborn valor of the British soldier; it was not the "sunk road," nor the arrival of Blucher. I firmly believe that the French would have driven any other troops off the ground long before sunset.

British pluck won Waterloo; British gold paid for it: but what England won by Waterloo I have never been able to discover. It is pitiful to go into the church at Waterloo village and see the monuments of mere boys who died on that dreadful day; to see the monument of the "loved and gallant Howard," whose memory has been kept green by a single line of Byron. Why did these men die? It was to put back in a palace, from whence he had recently shot out like beans from a scoop-shovel, a fat-headed old Bourbon of a king, in whom no Englishman ought to have taken the least earthly interest. The Englishman, lover of liberty as he was, fought and died at Waterloo to keep in power a lot of

putrid people with crowns, who have since been ignominiously kicked into the streets within my recollection. If the cause was bad, what is to be said of the reward? In the partitions which followed, what did England get? Nothing. The miserable Bourbons she bolstered up had nothing to give. What remains now of the "state of Europe," as arranged after the battle of Waterloo? Nothing. England, after hunting the great Napoleon to death, found an ally, and was proud of him, in that miserable fraud, the "nephew of his uncle." England, to crush Napoleon, allied herself with Russia, and to-day about half England thinks a bloody war necessary to check the designs of that same Russia on the British possessions in India. England fought at Waterloo to keep up the ancient order of things—to support the "*Dei gratia*" style of monarchy—and who now believes in that style of government? Who reverences the "first gentleman in Europe" now? Who, like the Englishman Thackeray, has portrayed the idiocy or the wickedness of the "Four Georges?" Everything that England fought for at Waterloo is disreputable now.

If the design of the enormous expenditure of blood was to obliterate Napoleon, it was not a success. The man who, from a sub-lieutenancy, made his way without one faltering or hesitating step to the throne of empire, could not be extinguished by Waterloo, nor even by the practice of studiously calling him "General" Bonaparte. Even the high road over which admiring British tourists go to Waterloo is a monument to his energy. It is but a step from Waterloo to Antwerp, and what says the local chronicler there?

"That Napoleon caused millions of men to perish in his cause, that he was ambitious and an egotist, what does it matter to us, who owe to him

our new existence? Our duty is to remember, not the man nor the despot, but the second founder of our great city."

It is so everywhere—the monuments of the genius of Napoleon are ineffaceable; but what monuments remain to the miserable French, Spanish and Neapolitan Bourbons, for whose sake the young, the brave, the true-hearted agonized and died at Waterloo? Had I been a Prussian or an Englishman, I suppose my feelings at Waterloo would have been different; as an American, an impartial judge, I came away from Waterloo with, it is true, a great admiration of the fighting quality of the British soldier; with more respect for the soldierly talent of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, but, withal, infinitely more contempt for the British statesman whose stupid and servile attachment to a despicable herd of petty tyrants kept the world at war for years, only at last, that, as a French picture of the time depicted it, a troop of pigs should enter the Tuilleries while an eagle flew away.

ANTWERP AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

PARTLY from choice, partly through accident, I tarried three or four days in the venerable city of Antwerp. In that time I saw this quaint old place to its oldest and queerest nooks and corners; I almost lived in its cathedral, and I witnessed the pageants in honor of the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the famous painter, Peter Paul Rubens.

Antwerp is a brave old town, one of the ancient “free cities,” or communes; where were invented and practiced arts of all kinds; where, in their infancy in this world, flourished two famous things, to wit, printing and liberty; where the merchants were princes; where every man labored faithfully in the calling wherein God had placed him; where, when the tocsin sounded, the burghers mustered, each man under the banner of his trade—the draper under his, and the fuller under his, and did battle for freedom; for, in the thirteenth century, when the world was in bondage, it was written in the city ordinances of Antwerp, “In the town and liberty of Antwerp all men are free; there are no slaves.” And besides, to make all this more interesting to an American, the brave story of Antwerp has been told last and best by our own countryman, the late lamented Motley.

When you go to Antwerp, it seems as if Alva and Farnese were men of yesterday; as if the Emperor Charles had recently abdicated; as if the town had been just rebuilt after the destruc-

tion of the “Spanish Fury.” You meet the burghers on the street with solid, sober faces, the exact counterparts of those you see in the old Flemish pictures; old women wear head-dresses like those worn three hundred years ago; there are black old streets that look as they did when Columbus sailed to discover America; you go into a certain old room, and see a printed proclamation from William the Silent, looking as if the Lester Crawford of Antwerp had just posted it there. The highest officer of the town is yet called the burgomaster, just as he has been time out of mind. They have a king in Belgium, but you hear but little about him at Antwerp; the burgomaster and the aldermen and the town clerk rule there.

What makes this seem most strange is, that Antwerp is not a decrepit or decaying town; it is a flourishing seaport, and keeps pace with the times, and has street railroads, and boulevards, and a park, and gas, and daily papers; yet, as I tell you, there are the men and women with faces three hundred years old; and there are houses that have forgotten their own ages; and there is the burgomaster as of old, and the narrow houses of the guilds, with high gables coming up to a point by successive steps like stairs; and there are the old Dutch names for the streets and places—everything queer and old and solid and Dutch, all mixed with new things, as in the Grand Place, where is the Joiners’ House, the front covered with carvings showing how the carpenters and joiners’ trade was carried on centuries ago; and near, on another house, is the sign “Machianen Howe,” showing that the New Man, the Yankee, has arrived with his sewing machine. And speaking of America, one is carried back, when in Antwerp, to the days when New York was not New York, but New Am-

sterdam. You see names yet common in our greatest American city, and Hoboken is a suburb of Antwerp.

In Antwerp most of the educated people speak French, but all, high and low, speak "Flamand"—Dutch, in fact, differing little from that spoken in Holland; a language that looks like English in print, and sounds like a mixture of German and English. Though not as vivacious as the French, the Antwerpers are a talkative people, and cheerful withal, and eat as if the safety of the "town and liberty of Antwerp" depended upon it.

There is a modern park in the town, but the ancient "plats" are the principal resorts; these are paved with stone and surrounded by high houses. Here the men and women of Antwerp have gathered always. There are two great rallying-places, the Grand Place in front of the town hall, surrounded by the houses of the trades, and there is the Place Verte—though there is nothing green there except some rows of young trees—and towering above the Place Verte, and above the trees and all the houses, and looking down on all the green and flat kingdom of Belgium, is the glory of the town, the cathedral of Notre Dame.

The tower, so the Antwerpers say, is the highest in the world. I do not know; I only know that it seemed to grow higher every time I looked at it, and was highest when I saw it last. I wandered down by the Steen—the old prison, where they show you terrible dungeons where the Spaniards tortured prisoners and killed them—and I went far out among the docks and ships, but every time I turned about there was the great, gray, gothic spire, all covered with carved and curious things in stone, rising story on story, up and up like a flame of fire, till, when the day was dull and the clouds hung low, the gray tower seemed to mingle

with the gray sky. Often and often I found myself standing in front of the great portal, leaning over back to look up at that old builder's miracle, and I looked until my head swam and it seemed as if the spire might all at once come down with a crash.

The spire has a great clock, and it has, moreover, a chime of bells, and there is the great bell "Carolus," named for the Emperor Charles V, who was the bell's godfather when it was baptized; and there is the great bell "Maria," which rang first over four hundred years ago. "Carolus" weighs 16,000 pounds, and "Maria" 11,000 pounds; and he who hears those bells roaring and clanging in the dim night-time will not forget it—no, not till he dies, for their voice is like the voice of doom, and makes one think of the Judgment Day.

When you look from the entrance of this church to the high altar, it is like looking down a road in the woods, for it is more than three hundred feet, and the six rows of pillars make one think of a beech or oak forest.

There are in this cathedral countless pictures, some of them worth their weight in gold. There are many altars, and so vast is the edifice that several masses may be said at once before considerable congregations without confusion. On Sunday, it seemed that a service was held somewhere in the church at every hour. You can walk around these congregations in the great space without disturbing any one; but coming in just as the church was lighted, on a dim, rainy evening, I sat down and looked at the priest, who spoke from the pulpit of carved wood, representing human figures and birds, peacocks and doves and eagles, all carved out of the heart of oak, and as natural as life. I looked at the priest, though I understood not a word he said, for he spoke

in the tongue of the Low Countries, and as I looked I thought, good Protestant as I am, that they have dim eyes to see and dull ears to hear, who think that the Catholic church—the Roman Catholic church, if you please—has fallen upon evil days, or totters to its fall.

That “revolutions never go backward,” is a comfortable doctrine for those who believe in revolution, but it is not always true. This cathedral of Antwerp was ravaged by the iconoclasts, who, in 1566, broke down the altars and the “images;” then, two hundred years later, came the French infidel, and did the same thing; yet to-day the two great bells call the people to the worship of the old faith. The waves of the Reformation swept over the Low Countries, but to-day scarce a trace of that great movement remains in Belgium. If that revolution did not go backward, it ceased to go forward. Twice, as I have said, has this great Catholic church of Antwerp passed into the hands of aliens; more than this, it has been three times ravaged by fire: yet the devotion to the old church has been sufficient to rebuild it, and the same spirit would, I believe, rear it again in strength and beauty, though it were laid in ashes to-morrow. It is idle to say that the religion which reared, all over Europe, these wonderful buildings; which has cared for them during the vicissitudes of stormy centuries; which guards and adorns them to-day as holy and precious, is a fading and dying thing. Call it “mummery,” this worship, and “superstition,” this faith—it is not my business to call names, but to tell of things as I see them; and I say, that, however much consolation doctors skilled in prophecy may derive from ingenious combinations of the horns and beasts of Revelation, what I have seen with my merely unassisted human

vision, in these old countries, has convinced me that the Catholic church is the most powerful organization on earth, and has the promise of countless centuries of vitality. We may laugh, us Protestants, at the young mothers of Antwerp, who seek with great reverence, after the birth of their babies, a particular wooden statue of the Virgin in the church of St. Willibord, but our merriment does not change their belief in the least; nor does it abolish the fact that, as the mother believed, so the child, when old and dying, is apt to believe. "I will shiver you as I do this potsherd," said Napoleon, dashing a costly vase at the feet of the Pope; but at the last he said, in dreary St. Helena, "I die in the faith of the Holy Roman Catholic church;" and again, "It is good for a man to die in the faith of his fathers."

In Europe—even in Switzerland, once the home of Calvin, the refuge of Knox—the symbols of the Catholic church are everywhere. At every turn in the road you see the wayside cross; over the door of the modest inn is the Virgin and her Babe; and going through the dark streets of Antwerp, at night, I have cast my eyes up to the only light—a lamp fastened to the old wall—and saw, ghastly and white and rigid, the dead Christ on the cross, an object of devotion by night as by day.

All this, and more, came to me as I looked at the priest of Antwerp, one of a mighty army of such, wearing different guises, but all wearing the cross; laboring in distant countries, but all to the same end—the "propagation of the faith" as it has existed for ages—and doing their work with a zeal, a patience, and a courage as great to-day as it was in the days of Xavier or Loyola.

There are a great many churches in Antwerp beside Notre Dame. Of these the most splendid is that of St. Jacques. A

good-sized volume might be written descriptive of this church alone. Its chapels are decorated with the most precious marbles. In many instances the chapels are the gift of single families. Among the saints whose names are most frequent in Antwerp are St. Barbara, whose assistance is invoked to save from sudden and unexpected death, and St. Roch, who aids in time of pestilence. One of the latest saints canonized was an Antwerp mason, St. Flores. Adjoining St. Andrew's church is one of the most curious sights in the world. It is called "the Calvary." It is a grotto or labyrinth, composed of coal cinders, gravel and broken bottles. The place is full of caves and recesses, and crowded with statues of prophets, saints, angels and devils. It is indescribable. The most wonderful thing in all these churches is the wood-carving, of which there is an incredible amount. I could never have believed, had I not seen it, the grace, beauty and majesty that the artist's genius can bring out of blocks of wood. There are "angels bright and fair," rank on rank, with their folded hands and wings, so beautiful that they seem to have just alighted on this poor world, and all made of oak wood—nothing more.

But the "event of the season" was the fetes in honor of the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rubens. The exercises had been going on for several days when I arrived, though greatly interfered with by rain during my stay. Rubens is the god of Antwerp. His bronze statue stands in the Place Verte, and, during my stay, I ate, drank and slept Rubens. His handsome features were displayed everywhere. Triumphal arches were thrown across the principal streets—enormous affairs, wonderfully constructed of painted canvas. There were flags

enough to have furnished forth a thousand Fourth-of-July celebrations. The Belgian tri-color (black, red and yellow) covered the entire town. Rubens photographs, Rubens cigar-cases, Rubens everything, filled the shop windows. All the churches and the museum were thrown open that the people might see Rubens' pictures. I had seen several of his gorgeous court pictures in the Louvre, and greatly admired their richness and brilliancy. In Antwerp, his pictures are religious, and I failed to appreciate them. I got very tired of his Virgin, reproduced a score of times—a fat young Flemish woman, with a low, oval forehead, very large black eyes, an enormous bust, and a great, round, white, fat neck, which dominated over everything else. In every picture the *posé* was such as to give this neck the best possible showing—it was "neck or nothing." The sameness of the pictures is accounted for by the fact that Rubens took as a model his second wife, or, perhaps, his first—I do not remember; but at any rate, when you look at the Virgin Mary you are looking at Mrs. Rubens. In one picture Rubens himself appears as St. George. I suppose it is very presumptuous in me to say these things, but I believe them. The pictures by Van Dyke, the pupil of Rubens, appear to me infinitely finer. It seems to me that he was the greatest portrait painter who has ever lived.

The fete, however, went on just the same, notwithstanding my opinion. One night we had a great historical torchlight procession. All the costumes in the old pictures were faithfully reproduced; rank on rank marched past in the armor or the dresses of centuries ago; burghers, soldiers, kings and bishops all moved by, the light of the flaring torches falling on moving masses of color, scarlet, yellow and purple. There were great cars representing

music, art, religion, printing, and so on; an enormous organ formed one of these moving structures. Rubens moved by on an immense chariot, while young girls with trumpets were supposed to sound abroad his fame. A great concourse of people witnessed the procession, and when the cortege turned into one of the narrow, winding streets, completely filling it with the moving scene, the light of the torches flashing up against the high houses, the tossing of banners, the glitter of helmets and arms, and the "silver trumpets snarling," as Keats has it, made a combination of sights and sounds that at least one spectator will never forget.

The next night there was a concert in the Place Verte, by twelve hundred singers. At the hour set all the streets around were filled with people, although the air was filled with a misty rain. The singers and orchestra occupied a platform built for the purpose. A line of soldiers was drawn around this space, though it seemed hardly necessary, so polite and good-humored was everybody. That night will never be forgotten by me. I had lived long and suffered much, but I had reached at last more than I had dared to hope for—I was allowed, after so many years, to hear some music out-of-doors, a privilege I think no one ever enjoyed in my own dear country. The audience was attention itself. The least disturbance in the rear of the crowd was met by low hisses of disapprobation. Every note fell on every listening ear. And what music it was!—at times a band of trumpets hidden in the trees in a distant part of the park, answered the voices, and at last the bells—not "Carolus" and "Maria"—but a silvery chime, answered the trumpets as they sang with all the children's voices—for boys and girls sang, too. At the close, voices, orchestra, trumpets and bells repeated over after each other, a simple

melody—a national air, and then the concert ended with hurrahs, the soldiers opened their ranks, and the people rushed up to congratulate the conductor and his singers—and *I heard it all!* This was the overwhelming fact—the great, indescribable surprise of my life.

When the concert was over, the crowd broke up and wended its way, by a score of crooked streets, to the river Scheldt, where there were fireworks—"the bombardment of a Turkish fort"—and in the meantime the two bells lifted up their great voices till it seemed as if the earth jarred.

I saw no more of the fete, for I left Antwerp the next evening. The sky was nearly overcast, save a bright silvery band where the sun was sinking. I looked back once more at the town, and there, cutting that band of bright sky across—no longer gray, but robed in a violet light—was the mighty spire of Notre Dame.

The train sped away till the land, level and green before, seemed to fairly sink. When it was growing dark we were in Holland. The flat land stretched away to the level sea; nothing rose to break the faint sky-line save a lonely wind-mill; and when the moon rose in a mist, and lights were seen in the distance, we could not tell whether they belonged to earth, or sea, or sky—whether they shone in the homes of men, or in the rigging of some ship at anchor, or were the bright glancing of some low-hung star. And so we came to Flushing.

LONDON REVISITED.

AT Flushing I embarked on a steamer bearing a Dutch name, of which I have forgotten half-a-dozen syllables, and so will not undertake to give the balance. The destination of the boat was Queenboro, a run of twelve hours, more or less, according to wind, weather and other circumstances.

Some naval officer being asked what was the most awful thing about a sea-fight, said it was seeing them sprinkle the deck with sawdust to catch the blood, as yet unshed. I was reminded of this on entering the cabin of the ——, on seeing certain ominous tin basins hanging opposite each berth. It was plain that the tinware was not intended for ornament, but use.

The company was not large, the most conspicuous being a young Japanese coming from school on the continent, and a young woman of a remarkably sociable temperament, and who, to use a seafaring expression, was "three sheets in the wind." The boat soon left the pier, and considerable motion was perceptible. It was surprising how soon conversation turned on the state of the water, but nobody was afraid of seasickness; none of the passengers had ever been seasick or ever expected to be, and there was a disposition to converse in a lively manner on the subject of the dreaded malady. The young woman aforesaid appeared at frequent intervals at her state-room door and laughed violently at the gentlemen passengers. It was observed, however,

that all this hilarity did not materially check the rolling of the steamer, and soon an old woman bowed her head on the table, and wept and moaned and bewailed herself. The gentleman from the Orient was next affected. He stopped talking, and turned first a dark brown, then a deep yellow, then a light straw color, and fled to his berth, from whence his slanting eyes glistened in the midst of a countenance the color of a dirty white pocket handkerchief. The state-room door opened once more, a hysterical laugh was heard, and after that the young woman was heard but not seen. One by one the passengers about the table thought it was about time to turn in, and said they always went to bed early. One of the last was this writer. He remembers that he lost his interest in everything earthly, and felt no hopes, desires, emotions, ambitions or wants, save an overwhelming anxiety to lie down somewhere. The sensation was like being lowered by the heels and head first into a barrel of moderately warm and very dirty water. There was no local pain, no settled agony anywhere in particular, only just a spreading, all-pervading, overwhelming *sick*. The man who says that when you are seasick you should keep on deck and walk about, is a liar and a horse-thief. This deponent did nothing of the sort, nor would he to have saved the boat from instant destruction. So still did he lie, that he could have been carried around with a show and exhibited as a mummy. The effect was beneficial. In an hour the sea-sickness grew ashamed of attacking a man who was down, and made no resistance, and so left; and after that the motion of the ship was not disagreeable. But all night there were moanings and groanings all around the cabin, and cries of "Stew—(whoop, whoop, whoop)—ard!!" So passed the solemn hours away till

daylight came, and stricken, haggard wretches began to crawl on deck, and remark with wan smiles, that "it was pretty rough last night."

The run from Queenboro to London was made in the dirtiest railway car I ever saw in England, but the day was so fair that a little discomfort was forgotten. Our way lay through the fair county of Kent, in some respects one of the most beautiful of English counties, and we saw acres of its famous hop fields. Of the towns along the way, I remember only Rochester, and that not because of anything connected with its history, save that it was the first stopping-place of Mr. Pickwick and his friends when they started out on their tour of observation.

London looked natural enough, though perhaps a trifle uglier after Paris; but for all that it is a difficult town to get away from, and I believe I could live there for six months, and take each day a new and interesting tour of observation.

A day was devoted to Windsor Castle, easily and quickly reached by rail from London. Like most historic places in England, it is more interesting from past than present associations. In the absence of the Queen (who is generally absent), admission is obtained without difficulty, and "by the Queen's command" no fees or gratuities are allowed. A few of the state apartments are shown. They are handsome, of course, but with the furniture covered with linen, look dreary. These royal rooms did not seem to me as fine as the halls of the Louvre, the people's palace, open to the humblest French workman every day. There is a fine collection of portraits by Van Dyke, and a miscellaneous assortment of royal portraits, one of the best, I think, being of George IV, painted by Lawrence. Poor old George III was of

course conspicuous, with his low forehead, his goggle eyes and his open mouth. Looking at that face, one can readily imagine the august monarch, as depicted by Peter Pindar, wondering how the apple got inside the dumpling, no seam being visible.

While walking about the state apartments, an English gentleman said to me: "You must go on top of the great tower and talk with the sergeant; he is as funny as your Artemus Ward." I believe that is the highest praise that an Englishman can confer on a humorist. No other American, great or small, ever made such an impression in London as did poor Charley Browne. He was a revelation. His like had never been seen before, as it never will be again. His jokes were made the subject of critical analysis in the English magazines. His "show" drew better in London than even in "Baldinsville;" and to this day he is used as a sort of standard, and all other "funny men" are compared with him. This does not arise from ignorance of what is called "American humor"—the "nigger business" has had an established home in England for years; but it arises solely from the honest truth that, in the matter of natural, original, perpetual *fun*, America has produced but one Artemus Ward, the only one of an army of our humorists who lived and died with his laurels green.

But this is a digression. I took the gentleman's advice, ascended the tower, and found the sergeant, a big, hearty soldier, who had paced the tower for eighteen years. His blue eyes twinkled with a merry light, and he had really a great store of dry fun about him. He had a most interesting panorama, if that be the proper expression, to exhibit. Close by is a little town; it is Eton, with the famous school, where many of England's greatest

men have been educated. In the far distance is Harrow, where Byron was a scholar; the green spot by the gliding Thames is Runnymede, where Magna Charta was wrested from King John, whereby (I believe) we obtained the privilege of being tried by twelve men who never read the newspapers, and so have never "formed or expressed an opinion;" a clump of houses is the village of Datchet, where the Merry Wives of Windsor served Falstaff a bad trick; and the spire above the trees marks the site of Stoke church, where the curfew tolled the knell of parting day; and, concerning this, the sergeant was kind enough to tell me that nearly every American who came to Windsor was able to repeat Gray's Elegy. These are the real attractions of Windsor Castle. We may forget what king built this tower or that, but no one forgets the moment when he looked across the green country to where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Back in London by night, an opportunity was afforded to hear the celebrated Spurgeon, who was to deliver a week-day evening address at his tabernacle, on the Surrey side. It seems a little odd, but a Londoner directing a stranger to this place of worship will tell him that it is near a famous inn in old times, bearing still its ancient name of the "Elephant and Castle." Going first to the "Elephant and Castle," we had no difficulty in finding the immense tabernacle. It is an excessively ugly affair outside, and inside the effort appears to be to make it look as unlike a church as possible. In shape, the interior (to use a familiar, though possibly an irreverent illustration) is like the race track at the Topeka fair grounds. There are several galleries, and an immense amount of room. Although it was a week-day meeting, a large audience was present, and I noticed the red uniforms of

two soldiers lighting up the sober-colored mass. The pulpit is a sort of small gallery. Mr. Spurgeon is a solid, heavy, muscular man, with a thoroughly middle-class English look. Were he a politician, I should take him for a popular speaker of the advanced radical party. His discourse, I am bound to say, seemed to me far from striking; and I may as well add, that my observation leads me to believe that in the matter of pulpit eloquence America is far in advance of the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Spurgeon's sermon was a plain, matter-of-fact talk, rising nowhere into the sublime, or even the poetical; but his voice is a wonderful one. He filled the great building without the slightest apparent exertion, and his lower notes were singularly musical and pleasing. I could, from hearing his voice, well believe all that is said of his powers as a speaker when circumstances call for their exertion. After the sermon a number of persons were baptized, the officiating clergyman being (I was told) a brother of Mr. Spurgeon's. The ordinance was conducted after the manner of Baptist churches in America, save that all the lady candidates wore white robes and caps.

The next day, at the instance of a Liverpool printer, I visited the Caxton exhibition at the South Kensington Museum. There was here a wonderful collection of everything relating to the past or present of the art of printing in all its branches. Some specimens of American work were on exhibition, though nothing near as fine a show as could have been made. In the midst of a glass case of cards I noticed one of "Haight & Taylor, Ellenville, N. Y.," and the names brought to my mind the recollection of one whose death diminished the world's too slender stock of sincere and honest men, the late R. B. Taylor, of Wyandotte.

There was a wonderful array of old books, particularly those printed by Caxton himself. I looked even at the pages of the first book printed in England. I suppose I ought to have burst out in a torrent of eloquent and grateful eulogy on the "art preservative of arts," the palladium of liberty, etc., etc., etc., and have blessed the memory of William Caxton, but I did not. Seeing his work, brought him very near to me. He looked at me, in fact, from the open pages of his book, with the same provokingly bland, innocent, benevolent expression he wears in Maclise's picture. It irritated me, and I felt as if, provided he could really "materialize," I would have addressed him thus:

"Mr. William Caxton, you were originally a mercer, and you were also an ambassador, and one with just the statutory amount of common sense would suppose that that was a sufficiently fat take for you; but you must needs go into the printing business. Now then, what for? You say that the Duchess of Burgundy wanted you to print the 'Recueil of the History of Troye,' and you did it; yes, and Eve wanted Adam to eat the apple, and he did it; and Herodius had an anxiety for the head of John the Baptist, and she got it; and Lady Macbeth wanted Mac. to give old man Duncan a fatal prod, and he did it. He never even gave 'the old man a chance.' You didn't foresee the consequences, you say, when you set up your book, newspaper and plain and fancy job printing establishment in Westminster Abbey. You didn't know, now honest? You didn't think there would ever be such a thing as a tramping jour., did you? You didn't see the head of the blooming old procession that has been about three hundred years passing a given point? You wasn't prepared for that gay old cortege, that innumerable caravan, were you? It didn't

occur to you about the 'banner,' and the very rum lot that were to put in their time carrying it? Your prophetic eye did not see the long string of red noses and sore eyes and sun-burnt necks and blistered heels? You never thought of the fellows who would sleep on the bank, and under the bank, and behind the stove, and down in the press-room among the greasy rags and wrapping-paper and strings, and also repose their old bones betimes in the calaboose? No, you didn't think of any of these things, we may well believe. You never dreamed, Bill, that some thousands of your fellow-creatures would put their eyes out, and grow old before their time, and humpbacked in the flower of their youth, sticking type on morning papers. You never imagined how they would all stir the fire up; how the 'old man' would blaspheme the foreman, and how the last named would make even by calling the learned and accomplished compositors a lot of goggle-eyed, slab-sided, knock-kneed blacksmiths. Bless your simple-hearted, ink-smearing old soul, nothing appears to have occurred to you! You didn't hear, sounding down the ages, anything about 'a few cords of dry wood wanted at this office immediately,' nor the loud and exceedingly bitter cry for 'any kind of country produce.' You are responsible for all this, and you say you didn't think! And in that connection, I may remark that that is what every meddling, mischief-making lunatic says. You didn't know the gun was loaded, and so you snapped it, and that is the way some fool kills somebody every day in the week. But you didn't think; you meant well, but you were just an idiot, that was all. Probably if you had thought, you would have hung the printing business on the dead hook; but you didn't, and it is now too late. The line is hair-spaced now, and it can't be helped.

We are in the everlasting ‘drag,’ and are stuck for all night. Oh, William! William!”

Queen Victoria, Spurgeon and William Caxton formed the bill of fare at this last visit to London; from thence my way led into the “country,” and away from the cities, into the heart of that rural England referred to by an English poet as having been made by God, while “man made the town.”

RURAL ENGLAND.

BEFORE taking leave of England, I traversed the counties of Lancaster, Chester, Salop, Warwick, Oxford, Middlesex, Cambridge, Huntington, Kent, Bucks, Lincoln, York, Westmoreland and Cumberland, and traveling leisurely, had a good opportunity of seeing the English country, east, west, north and south. If I did not see the best, which most Englishmen insist is in Devonshire, I think I saw the worst, in the moors of Yorkshire, and plenty that was "fair to middling."

Of the beauty of Cheshire, where I first saw sunshine and green grass in England, and of the comparative excellence of Shropshire, I have already spoken, and I have alluded to the poverty of Warwick and the country between Stratford and London. Had I seen only that region, I should have come away with a poor opinion of English ground and English farming. Fortunately, I went farther and fared better.

The famous county of Kent I saw on a sunshiny morning, as I have before stated, in coming from Queenboro to London. It is a county of hills and dales, never monotonous on one hand, nor striking on the other. Its hop fields are its most remarkable agricultural feature.

It was September when I left London going north, and there was a keen reminder of autumn in the air, and the trees had already begun to dull and fade; the summer had been an uncom-

monly wet one, even for England, and one was constantly reminded by the temperature of an American October, although the harvest was in progress. Reapers of a peculiarly lumbering pattern were going in some fields, and in others I saw, for the first time in my life, gleaners; ragged, red-faced women, who, like Eugene Ware's geese and cranes, were "picking up the golden grains." To one who had seen ears of corn enough wasted along the muddy roads of Illinois to feed England a week or so, this gleaning business looked like the depth of poverty. To make the "seeming" worse, I was told that gleaning was not as profitable as formerly. I suppose in the old times a kind-hearted husbandman, with a sickle or cradle, let fall a few stalks occasionally for pity's sake; but a reaping-machine has no bowels of compassion.

It happened that this very September, when this poverty-stricken spectacle so impressed me, was the rich man's holiday, for it was the opening of the shooting season, which the imposition of a new gun tax had made more genteel than ever. Bushes were stuck up in some pastures to indicate that the ground was reserved by Lord Somebodyorother, and that no other man, even with a stamped shot-gun, might blaze away therein. I saw some of this hunting. Four or five men moved in skirmishing order across a turnip field, with a boy carrying a game-bag, and popped away at birds which were as tame as cats. It was not nearly as exciting as the boy's pursuit of the ground-hog, and it lacked his excuse of dire necessity.

To get back to what I know about farming. The turnip fields are a great English institution; they seem to occupy the place filled by corn in America. The undemonstrative, cold, hard, solid, practical turnip is at home in England. I think it must

have been invented there. The landscape everywhere is broken by the pale, watery green of turnip fields, affording the greatest possible contrast with the waving pomp of our Indian corn, handsomest of all agricultural productions. In England there is no corn, but there are turnips and turnips.

In the pastures reside in ease and opulence the glory of England, the cattle and sheep. Coming from a country where the farmers prefer to raise dogs, I was greatly interested in the British sheep, such great, white, broad-backed creatures were they. They scarcely seemed of the same species as the American sheep. Perhaps a republican form of government is not adapted to sheep-raising; but certain it is, that under the British constitution, mutton is mutton, such as no Yankee ever dreamed of. The cattle in all the English counties all looked like the prize animals at our State fairs.

A novel feature on the route from London to Cambridge was the mustard fields, which comprised many acres. The great mustard man of England is named Colman; his posters meet you everywhere; he is one of the largest advertisers in the kingdom, and he lives in a palace. So much for smartness.

The succession of fields and pastures is often broken by the parks of the nobility. A park is simply an inclosed wood, such as cover about half of our Eastern States. These grounds were originally kept for the deer they contained, but I think they are now maintained for the enjoyment of that seclusion which an Englishman associates with dignity, power, glory, self-respect, and so on. A man's fortune or social position in England may be known by the number of bolts and bars that shut him in. When in merely comfortable circumstances, the man has between

him and the public a small door-yard and an iron fence, and keeps his front door locked. A higher grade and a longer purse are designated by a large yard so full of shrubbery that you cannot see the house, and a lock and bell to the front gate, which opens through a very high iron fence, suitable for a penitentiary. Greater grandeur manifests itself in the shape of a high stone wall around the premises, the top thereof bristling with broken glass set in mortar, to prevent any one from climbing up and looking over at the august owner; finally, a landed gentleman or nobleman incloses all the ground he can get hold of with a prison wall, devotes the ground to a wilderness, and lives in the middle of his forest, as happy as a most imperial snail in his ancestral shell. To get at him in this magnificent retreat, it is necessary to apply at the lodge gate, and to go through as many formalities as are requisite in order to see the Emperor of China, who is brother to the sun, uncle to the moon, and attorney for the planets generally.

Amid the expanse of pasture, field and park are scattered the little villages, which are numberless, and which bear a family resemblance all over the country. You see the gray, square tower of the village church above the trees, in whatever direction you turn your eyes. Along the line of the railways are dull old places, midway between a village and a town. They lack the life seen about American railway stations, for the arrival of a train is not much of an event where, as at Rugby Junction, for instance, four hundred trains pass every twenty-four hours. But of these, and more especially of rural villages, I shall speak further on.

It was a bright morning when I came to Cambridge, and stopped off to look at the university. It is hard to tell which is

Cambridge and which is the university. Instead of the rows of educational barracks situated in a public square, with which we are familiar in America, the colleges are scattered all over town, and jammed in among the houses. Some are very old, and lighted with latticed windows, the little three-cornered panes set in leaden sashes; others are more modern in appearance, and some are even now building—or being built—for I forget which Mr. Richard Grant White has decided upon. The old quadrangles, the inclosures of brightest turf shining in contrast with time-blackened old walls, are lovely spots. Cambridge, too, is full of grand old trees—nobody knows how old—under which successive generations of students have strayed. Cambridge is a sweet, quiet old town, and doubtless is fondly remembered by men, in blooming youth and wintry age, in every clime and by the shores of every sea.

Once in Cambridgeshire, the country changes and spreads out in great plains toward the sea. I looked over the low-lying country in the shimmering light of the afternoon, and it looked like that land of which one says that “it seemed always afternoon.” Wide fields stretched away, and the sky-line was broken by white wind-mills, like lighthouses for the land. And through this smiling region I came to St. Ives.

I had been followed all over England by scraps of nursery rhymes, and St. Ives had long before been introduced to me by a certain verse which records that, “As I was going to St. Ives, I met seven wives: every wife had seven sacks; every sack had seven cats; every cat had seven kits.” In respectful remembrance of the kits, cats, sacks and wives, and also to deliver a letter intrusted to me, I too went to St. Ives.

Huntingtonshire was one of those Puritan counties which sent out so many emigrants in the days when men departed from the wrath present and wrath to come, from England to America. It was Cromwell's county, his birthplace, and until he became a prominent soldier, his residence. I thought I detected in the accent of the people some traces of that "Yankee twang" so much laughed at by the English now-a-days, but which is said to have been originally imported from England. St. Ives consists principally of one great, wide, stony street, which is used for a cattle market. Along this are hitching-racks, mouldering with age, to which the bullocks are tied. The street slopes to a still stream bordered with great bulrushes. It is a soft-gliding, stealthy sort of river, and called, I think, the Ouse. By the banks of the stream, "where grow the rushes, oh," is the church of St. Ives, very, very old. I found the owner of my letter after a while, an astonishingly vigorous man of about eighty years. He skipped along so fast that I had trouble to keep up with him, and he told me all about St. Ives. He had that quickness of movement that they call "being spry" in New England; and the sharp glance of his eye and his rapid speech, as well as the general business-like character and shrewdness of his remarks, made me think of the smart old Vermonters I knew when I was a boy. He was born in Norfolk; and away back in the early part of the century his brothers had stepped out without telling him, and had gone to America. He had lived fifty years in St. Ives, and had done well, reasonably well—pretty fair, at least. He had bought the house in which Cromwell once lived, and of which he showed me a drawing, and had built on the site of it his own house; and he owned all the houses on two sides of the little square, and he

called the locality Cromwell Place. He had stuck to business, and, God be praised, had got along comfortably, and was a little ahead in fact. But he had no sons to inherit his name, though he was the father of several daughters, and the rest of the old stock having gone to America, the name of Climson would die with him in England, as far as he knew. Very friendly was the old gentleman of St. Ives, and a prodigy of business knowledge. He walked with me up to the station, and told me all about farming in that region, giving the figures for everything; and very astonishing figures they were, to me. Land £60 an acre at the least, and renting at £2 10s., and an outlay for stocking a tenant farm, amounting to enough to buy a princely domain in Kansas. In such talk passed pleasantly away two hours at the market-town of St. Ives, a place so out of the high road of tourists that I could well imagine myself the first American who had ever been there.

From this on, the country grew wider and more level, and when I woke up next morning I was in Lincolnshire—at the venerable city of Lincoln, where people every day go back and forth under a Roman arch nearly or quite as old as Christianity. From Lincoln I wished to go into the country, to the village of Mareham-le-Fen. It was astonishing how many people in Lincoln did not know where Mareham-le-Fen was—a village heaven knows how old, in their own county; but a gazetteer which I found at the Blue Anchor told me at last that I must go to Tattershall, on the railway to Boston, first, and thence across the country.

Lincolnshire is a wet country, and when I first saw it, a rain had been falling steadily for about twenty-four hours. It is, for the most part, a low green plain, cut up by long, straight ditches

and canals. It is the native county of Tennyson, and if you would know how it looks through all the varying year, you should read again the "Queen o' the May." Here I saw, all along the way, stirred softly by the laggard wind and the slow-falling rain,

"The oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool."

On stepping out of the little station at Tattershall, the first object one sees is a great brick tower, a hundred feet high, standing in the midst of the ruins of what must have been once a very extensive building. The tower is a part of Tattershall Castle, and the only ruin I ever saw in England where brick had been the material used in the structure. All the information that I could gain from the "bystanders" was, that it had been reduced to its present state by the cannon of Cromwell. According to common report, all the ruins in England are the work of either Henry VIII or Cromwell. Ruined castles and abbeys are a feature of rural England. These, especially the abbeys, are very numerous, and you come upon them in the most unexpected places. One naturally looks to find these crumbling walls in solitary valleys, but often as you fly past in the train, you catch a glimpse of the broken, gray arches, adorned with that "rare old plant, the ivy green," close beside the railroad track, while the telegraph wires hum all day in the wind where once rose matin, and even song. But to get back to Tattershall. The village is a mile away from the railway, which, crooked as it generally is in England, cannot go around to all the villages; and at the village it was necessary to hire a trap at the inn—the Fortescue Arms. Reader, if you ever visit England, stop, sometime or somewhere, at a village inn like the Fortescue Arms. How cosy and clean it looked on that rainy day; how brilliant was the array of pewter,

silver and earthen ware on the dresser; how brightly shone the fire in the open grate; how spotless as a lady's handkerchief was the red brick floor; how spacious and comfortable was the arm-chair in the "ingle nook;" how cheery was the landlord, with his red cheeks and his frosty whiskers. Yes, reader, if thou art a purse-proud and most obdurate donkey, thou wilt stop at the "Imperial," or the "Victoria;" but if thou, being a sensible man, wouldst take thine ease at thine inn, thou wilt bestow thy weary frame at the "White Bear," or the "Pig and Whistle," or the "Bull and Mouth," or, perchance, at the "Elephant and Castle."

The landlord of the Fortescue Arms soon had a two-wheeled vehicle at the door in charge of the "boy," a healthy kid of about forty-five years, and so we journeyed to Mareham-le-Fen. The "section line" is unknown in England, and so the road does not run on it, but zigzags, or rather winds about after a fashion of its own. Each side of the way rise high and thick hedges, shutting in the view at times; and along the hedges are great trees, limes or elms, which lock their branches over your head; and you may depend that as the road looks now, so it has always looked, and so it always will. The "boy" was born in Tattershall, and the road which he had known all his days had never been changed in his time. I suppose all the crooks in it were there when Cromwell's hoarse guns echoed over the fens two hundred years ago.

Mareham-le-Fen is a type of an English village when undisturbed by the railway—a single, crooked street, lined with one and two-story houses, varying from the low-roofed thatched cottage to the more modern brick house. There were the little shops, where everything is sold from sugar to stockings, and the

"restored" parish church of the Establishment, originally built by the Saxons, and two Dissenting chapels, new and smart, and frequented by the bulk of the villagers; and near by is the park and residence of the "gentleman" of the neighborhood—in the case of Mareham-le-Fen, a member of the family of Stanhope, which once furnished a nobleman who invented a printing press, and also that very singular being, Lady Hester Stanhope, who turned Arab.

A village on the upper waters of the Solomon or Republican would not have conveyed to me anything like the sense of seclusion felt at this village on the border of the fens of Lincolnshire. In Spreadeagleville, Kansas, we expect to be incorporated by the next Legislature as a city of the second class; and we can almost see the track-layers on the St. Augustine, Mound City & Vancouver Railroad: but, at Mareham-le-Fen, or other rural hamlet in England, nothing is to be expected. As things have been, so they are now and ever shall be. Human hearts, however, are the same everywhere, and I met a kindly welcome at this out-of-the-way spot in a strange country. We sat by the fire and heard the rain outside, and, in return for talk about America, I was told all about the fens. In the old time the ocean came in all along the coast, and there was a vast country untilled by man; squatters lived about in the "hammocks," as they say in Florida, and killed moor-fowl and caught fish, and were half wild themselves. In time, as land became worth more, embankments were constructed, and when the ocean withdrew it could not get back except through flood-gates. And so in the course of years the dreary fen became pasture and wheat-fields, than which there are no finer in England. Mareham-le-Fen is, then, Mareham-of-the-fens, or was once, for

it is all dry ground thereabouts at present. The fertility of the country and the general wealth of the people had greatly increased with this improvement; yet withal, ever since the time Boston, in Massachusetts, was named in honor of old Boston, in Lincolnshire, people had been going thence to America. But surely, thought I, none have found their way back to Mareham-le-Fen; but I was mistaken, for there came in during the evening a young fellow from Potosi, Missouri, who had moreover brought with him a Texas cow-boy's saddle wherewith to astonish the natives. My disappointment at not being the Columbus of the village, did not prevent my sleeping soundly in a bed, the like of which as to size has not been seen in America since the Revolution. The headboard made me think of the front of a Kansas clapboard court house, while the bed was the public square.

The next stopping-place was York, a famous old place, where is the great minster, nearly as familiar to Americans from pictures as the capitol at Washington. I do not propose to describe this wonderful building, as the purpose of this letter is more particularly to speak of the country, not the town. I may remark, though, in passing, that York minster is built of magnesian limestone, as is the capitol at Topeka; and as the minster has lasted some four or five hundred years, so we may hope that the present wing of the Kansas State House will endure even till the completion of the Insane Asylum. In the heart of York, I saw a bit of green grass inclosed by a high wall, which interested me. It is the ancient burying-ground of the Friends, long deserted, and in it is buried Lindley Murray. It would not take long to parse the last simple sentence about the old grammarian, for, with Quaker plainness, it only says, that he was born, and that he died. It

does not even mention that a generation of Americans learned grammar out of his little book—a generation now gone, or going; for of those who in so many country school houses, on so many drowsy afternoons, said over and over, “I love,” and “you love,” and “we love,” most are gone away to another country, where we would fain hope that He loves. The decent body who showed me the place knew nothing about the man of the old-time grammar, but perhaps Mr. Pontefract, the grocer at the corner, could tell me; but Mr. P. knew very little about his co-religionist who labored so zealously to convince men that the personal pronoun, “you,” should be used only in the second person plural. But he knew, he said, a young man from America—Lindley Murray Hoag. There is no getting away, you see, from America—or from Kansas, for that matter.

In Yorkshire, I lived several days with the Doctor, and journeyed about, visiting, among other places, that most graceful of monastic ruins, Fountains Abbey. I passed near, but did not visit, Knaresborough, the scene of “Eugene Aram.” Yorkshire is a very large county, and has a bolder and more impressive landscape than Lincolnshire. It has those “voluptuous swells,” once spoken of by a Kansas Senator in connection with the Osage ceded lands, and the horizon is usually skirted by brown hills, where grows the heather, which, near at hand, reveals a little pink flower, and in the distance shows in color from purple to black. This applies to the country about Ripon; but in going north, to Scotland from Leeds, you cross Blea moor, which is the abomination of desolation; and it was in the moors that I saw the last of rural England. I saw it first in sunshine in Cheshire—I left it in shadow in Yorkshire.

Such are a few impressions of the English country; and the idea that seems most vivid in closing is, that in America, Time is a destroying radical—in England, an easy conservative. With us, nothing will ever be old; in England, few things seem young or new. The perpetual moisture of which travelers complain so much, keeps England—country England—cool and fresh and gently fair. It robs tower and wall and bridge of the gloss of newness, and gives, instead, the placid beauty of well-kept age. Alien though I am, born in the land of the prairie and the sun, as different a country from England as can well be imagined, I can well understand the sentiment which an Englishman feels for his own, his native land. Not his country in an abstract sense; not her laws, her institutions, her history, but her very earth. No turf is brighter and greener than the English sod, unbroken by the plow since history began. Larger streams there are, but none more beautiful than those which mirror the primroses and the cowslips of England. Life runs with quicker flow in the towns of the new world, which spring up in the sun-bright wilderness in a day; but I can well understand how amid such, the Englishman's heart may pine for the single winding street of his native village, with its straw-thatched cottages; the stone cross in the middle of the market-place; the square-towered church, with ivy overgrown; and the honest face of the village clock, which told off the hours of his forefathers, and which he laid awake at nights and listened to as it measured his own. Such are the scenes which have inspired the noblest descriptive poetry in our language; such are the scenes amid which have been nursed souls, brave, tender and true, which, going abroad into all the world, for this two hundred years or more, have led mankind to a higher and brighter destiny.

FIRST HOURS IN SCOTLAND.

AT Leeds I made the acquaintance of the great Midland Railway, the most enterprising railroad corporation in England—the first to introduce Pullman cars, the first to do away with second-class carriages, making everybody ride “first” or “third,” and at the same time improving the “third” so as to make it good enough for anybody—a step which has earned for the Midland the name of the “Radical Company.”

It was raining heavily when we left Leeds, at 3 o’clock in the afternoon, and the falling rain, mingling with the rising smoke from the manufacturing towns we ran through, brought on a darkness that might be felt. At Keighley the hills just back of the town could not be seen, and at this I felt sorry; for high up in those hills is the dreary village of Haworth, where that strange family, the Brontës, lived, suffered, achieved fame—one of them—and died. It was not so much on account of “Jane Eyre” that I wished to look, even afar off, at the scenes amid which it was written, but to find some explanation for “Wuthering Heights,” as written by another sister, and which I firmly believe to be the most blood-chilling book in existence. I wished to know if in “Merrie England” there existed a region as desolate as that depicted in that book. I saw nothing at Keighley, but farther on we came upon a “lone land,” the Yorkshire “wolds,” where a solitary, sensitive woman might easily imagine anything. High,

woodless hills rise behind each other, strewn with patches of brown heather, and great ledges of gray rock, patched with mouldering moss. Here is no sight of spire nor sound of bell. For miles there is not visible a furrow, and a few scattering sheep seem the only inhabitants. The few houses that appear in this solitude are shapeless structures, built of the gray rock, with an outside stairway, built of rock also. They stand amid the moss and rock and heather without even a bit of garden ground to break the sullen waste. Take from this poor land the vanishing brightness of the summer's green, fill it with drifting snow pursued by the homeless wind, and you have the scene of "Wuthering Heights."

Approaching Westmoreland, the country becomes, so to speak, more "human." A depression amid the high hills, called the "Vale of Dent," is quite a paradise, and by the time you reach Carlisle you are in the midst of a level, pretty country again.

Darkness settled soon after the train sped away from Carlisle, and little could be made out save that we were passing through a hilly country. We made a few stops, one of them being amidst the lights of a manufacturing town—Hawick—which the Scotch people called "Hyke." Somewhere about 8 o'clock came Melrose, and—bed.

Melrose, as seen in a morning with more rain than sun, looks much like an English village, though not so well cared for. Near by rise two high, bare eminences, the Eildon hills (there are three of them, but two make themselves conspicuous). Somewhere in the vicinity is the Tweed, and down street, a few steps away from the station, is Melrose Abbey.

I realized, when I stepped into the inclosure about this old

ruin, how wonderful is the spell of poetry when the magician is Walter Scott. Melrose is a beautiful ruin, but neither in itself nor in its situation does it possess the charm of Fountains Abbey, near Ripon—but Walter Scott did not live in Yorkshire. Melrose being in the midst of human habitations, seems a living thing: it has, in fact, been used in part as a comparatively modern parish church; while Fountains Abbey, standing in its lonely, green valley, is in harmony with our idea of an abbey—a place to which men, wearied with the strivings and sinnings of this weary world, betook themselves away from its turmoil and bustle, and busied themselves exclusively with prayer—perhaps.

The custodian, a very lady-like person, said many Americans were visitors in July, but since then very few had been seen. Among the later visitors at Melrose, however, had been General Grant.

We soon got through with Melrose, and prepared to visit Abbotsford, which is situated on the Tweed, three miles away. It threatened rain, and, as I proposed to walk, the question of "wherewithal shall we be clothed," was uppermost. I bethought me of a certain long shawl, for which, in journeying many hundred miles, I had never found any use. We were in a land of "plaids"—why not convert myself into a gentle shepherd, and make a plaid of this Yankee shawl? In the Highlands this would have been easy enough, but none of the Lowlanders to whom I referred knew how the real plaid was folded and fastened. The landlady, the chambermaid, the cook, and their male advisers, aiders and abettors, insisted that a shepherd's plaid had a "corner," which my shawl had not; the green-grocer next door said it was "no blate," whatever that may mean; and finally the

shawl was put on “anyhow,” and under a lowering sky the march on Abbotsford commenced.

The country along the Tweed—which in Marmion is “Tweed’s fair river broad and deep,” (really about the size of the Grasshopper at Valley Falls)—may be described as “pretty.” There is a succession of high, grassy hills, covered at their bases with groves of firs and birches, generally the result of planting. The fine woods at Abbotsford were all planted by Sir Walter himself. The openings in these woods display fine country-houses, the residences of gentlemen, many of the owners, I presume, being attracted hither by the charm which the genius of Scott has thrown over this whole region.

I passed through a village called Darnick—I mean spelled Darnick, for I despair of giving its pronunciation. I took in my way a stone-cutter’s yard, in which was a plaster model which I recognized as “Old Mortality.” Two men were at work on a colossal figure in stone, but they had nothing to say, only that the statue was going to “Stirlin’.” Thinking this a dull shop for information, I kept along the shady road and overtook a fresh-faced young Scotch woman, and an inquiry about the road led to a conversation which lasted for half a mile or so. She was born, she said, in the neighborhood, and had never been out of it. She informed me that the stone-cutter was quite famous, and had made a statue of “Mr. Hogg,” adding, “Maybe you’ve heard o’ the ‘Ettrick Shepherd?’” I assured her that the “Shepherd” and all the rest of the Scotch poets were well known in America. This interested her, for she said she had a brother in America who was a master stone-mason. It would be curious to know how many stone-masons Scotland has sent forth to all quarters of the

globe. Then the matter of the ignorance of the Melrose people on the subject of plaids came up, and she said that before her road diverged from mine she would fix the shawl "real Scotch fashion." And she was as good as her word, and I had the satisfaction, when I reached Abbotsford, of seeing that my plaid was arranged about the shoulders in the same fashion as Sir Walter Scott's, in Chantrey's bust. This affair of the plaid was an early illustration of the kind-heartedness of the countrywomen of Burns.

I had the road to myself after I left my Scotch female friend, and arrived unexpectedly at the Abbotsford gate. You go through passages lined with high brick walls, on which ivy has been trained, before you come into the formal old garden, and through it to the ante-room, where the guide waits. This room was hung around with old engravings, representing the exploits of hussars, possibly a relic of the time when Scott took a great interest in cavalry matters. After a few moments the guide—an Englishman, I think—came in, and I made alone with him the circuit of the apartments open to visitors. Fortunately for me, I read last spring Lockhart's Life of Scott (I borrowed it of Ward Burlingame, but you can find it in the State library), and this gave Abbotsford a greater interest. This great house was Scott's dream by day and night, and it everywhere shows the absorbing interest he took in it. Scotland appears to have been ransacked to furnish it. To me the family portraits (which are engraved in Lockhart's work) were most interesting. The marked likeness of Scott to his mother struck me more forcibly than ever before. On the other hand, the likeness of Scott's children to *their* mother was quite as apparent, the only exception being Mrs. Lockhart. The

largest picture is young Walter Scott, in the old uniform of the Eleventh Hussars. He has a weak face, and the guide said that his brother officers, who had visited Abbotsford, did not speak highly of him. Mrs. Lockhart was evidently the flower of the family, and it seems poetic justice that Abbotsford should have descended in her line, and not in that of the heirs male.

The armory is a famous room at Abbotsford. There you see the dirk of Rob Roy, the pistols of Napoleon, the sword of Montrose, and the pistols of the "bloody Claverhouse." There are two portraits of Claverhouse at Abbotsford, one of which I saw—a young and rather handsome face, with cold, cruel eyes. The admiration Scott expressed for this man, while acknowledging his wickedness, is to me unaccountable. To me, Claverhouse is one of the most detestable characters in history—and I am no Covenanter, either.

The magnificence of Abbotsford, notwithstanding all I had read of it, astonished me. It seemed to me that many richer men than Scott would have hesitated before commencing such a costly structure.

After I had viewed the place, I walked back to Melrose under the umbrella of an Englishman, a man of evidently high cultivation, who had traveled in the United States, Kansas included, and who, although very quiet of manner and careful of speech, was the most decided Radical I ever met in the British kingdom. I remarked to him that I thought Scott was, up to the time of his pecuniary troubles, the happiest of men. To my surprise, he expressed a different opinion. He, to be short about it, regarded Walter Scott as a flunkey and a snob. He said that he (Scott) was a Tory of Tories—a man who bowed down and worshiped

anything in the shape of a lord, who grieved that he himself was not born a lord, who was full of self-esteem, and who was consumed with jealousy when he failed to receive applause from everybody. Such a man, he argued, could never have been very happy. I did not indorse all this by any means, and I only mention the conversation as an illustration of the adage, "Distance lends enchantment to the view." It was odd, certainly, that this opinion should have been expressed almost on the threshold of Abbotsford.

'And yet, how magnificent is the power of genius! Scott has thrown a wondrous light on every hill and dale and stream of his native land. He has robed Scotland in such guise as we read of in fairy tales. He has been in his grave for years, and yet the spell is as powerful as when first it was laid upon the world. Thousands of men and women alien to him in blood, in sentiment, come, as pilgrims to a holy shrine, to gaze reverently even upon the clothes he wore. For me, I have forgotten many things, but the day I first opened the pages of "Old Mortality," the first of Scott's romances that fell into my childish hands, is as bright and fresh as yesterday. And as I read, so I expect my children will read, and their children, and so on to the end of days.

The life of Scott passed within a limited space. He was born in Edinburgh, near by; he is buried at Dryburgh Abbey, some seven miles from Abbotsford. And to Dryburgh I went, in the afternoon.

To go to Dryburgh from Melrose, you take the railroad to the next station, Newton St. Boswell's, and then, if you follow my example, you walk one mile and a quarter to the abbey, crossing the Tweed on a light suspension bridge. Dryburgh, unlike Mel-

rose, is a perfect ruin. Melrose seems like a ruin arrested in the act of decay, but Dryburgh is old, very old, crumbling, fading. The ivy is most beautiful. There is an old, pointed gable standing, of which the ivy hides everything except a Catharine window of elegant form. Not a stone is in sight; it is all one mass of living green, broken only by this round window, through which the light, be it sunlight or moonlight, falls on shattered column and mossy stone and broken archway, and walls on which the busy fingers of relentless time are working, working still. I do not wonder that unlearned men are superstitious in these old lands. It is easy to think that in night, darkness and storm, these ruins are peopled with the pale ghosts of those who for centuries have found a resting-place beneath.

I entered the ruined abbey entirely alone, and a sudden shower coming on I took refuge in a sort of arbor, and sat and looked through the "tangled skeins of rain." Before me rose a fragment of the ancient building—some arches, and above, a wall with some windows. This is St. Mary's aisle, and beneath the arches lie the mortal remains of Walter Scott; his wife; and at the feet of Scott, his "son-in-law, biographer and friend," John Gibson Lockhart.

Soon the rain ended, and a guide, a thorough Scotchman, came with a party of visitors. It will be remembered that Washington Irving, in his story of his long-ago visit to Abbotsford, mentioned the ancient family of "Haig of Bemerside"—kept in their ancient home by the power of a prediction that "whatever betide, Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside." Behind the tomb of Scott, a tablet in the wall bears an inscription, in Latin, stating that this is the burial-place of the "most ancient family" of Haig of Bemerside,

I asked the guide if the prediction was still being fulfilled. He told me that the last of the Haigs, of the male line, died some twenty-four years ago; that he remembered the funeral, and that when the body was placed in the ancient sepulcher there came a very loud clap of thunder, which many people believed to be an omen. He said that the name was now borne by a young man who had been adopted. The family were not rich, or, as he said, they "didna gather muckle gear."

Sunset found me back in the inn at Melrose, and, on my asking the lass who got my supper where were the cakes that had given Scotland the name of the "land o' cakes," she disappeared and returned again with veritable cakes of oatmeal!—the first I ever saw, and which I found answered the description the girl gave me of Scotland, "She's little, but she's gude." And so, with patriotism and oatmeal, I close these hurried impressions of first hours in Scotland.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

IN previous letters I have mentioned that various old rhymes, nursery and otherwise, followed me all about in my travels. So it was when I first saw the Severn; so it was even at Banbury; and, going for the first time under that relic of old London, I thought at once of the line in "Naseby": "Their coward heads predestined to rot on Temple Bar." Likewise, on entering Scotland, certain lines that I read at school took possession of me like a familiar spirit:

"The memory of Burns: a name
Which calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory and her shame
In silent sadness up."

It so happened that the first place I visited at Edinburgh was the Burns monument. In the stately monument itself, is Scotland's "glory" in glorifying the memory of her son; but enter and read the last of the letters of Burns, as they are framed and hung on the wall, and you will read the story of a "nation's shame." Never has there seemed to me anything so heart-breaking as that letter—the handwriting tremulous with pain and weakness—in which he begs the loan of ten pounds; a request, as he says, made only under the pressure of "cursed necessity," and in which he makes the pitiful confession, "The doctor says that low spirits is more than half my disease." Well has it been said that Burns did not die, but simply perished.

But, on the other hand, go about Edinburgh—go anywhere in Scotland—and you will hardly be reminded that ever a poor, miserable exciseman died at Dumfries. In the national art gallery, is Flaxman's fine statue of Burns; on the wall is Nasmyth's portrait, the one with which Americans are most familiar; and so it is everywhere—in cheap prints, on canvas, in almost breathing marble, is preserved the manly face and form of Burns, now a national idol.

Of course, I went to Ayr, as I suppose every traveler does; and at Ayr I entered that little district which has come to be known, the world over, as distinctively "The land of Burns." It is a small country. Burns was never as far from home as London in his life, and he was born, lived, wrote, suffered and died, within the space of one of our Western counties.

I reached Ayr in the decline of a September day, when the sun shone, but with that solemn and subdued brightness which seems peculiar to Scotland. I stopped at a hotel near the "Wallace tower"—not the one mentioned in Tam O'Shanter, but a new one which occupies the old site, and which displays a lantern-jawed statue of Sir William Wallace, by Thom, a self-taught sculptor, who afterwards, I am glad to say, wrought much better things.

It is a pleasant walk of two or three miles to the birthplace of Burns. In his time, the way was but a country road, but now for the greater part of the distance it is a sort of street, lined by the little parks of resident gentlemen, shut out from the thoroughfare by those high stone walls of which I have spoken in a previous letter as being necessary to the dignity and happiness of wealthy folks in this country. However, trees are not aristocratic

or unsocial, even when growing in parks, and all along the road the huge beeches stretched their limbs over the walls and across the road, as if in protection to poor folks, "tinklers," tramps and dogs who might be toiling along the way.

In time, you get from between the walls and into a more open country, where there are pastures and fields and "out-door" woods. In passing, you catch a glimpse of the shining sea. I had forgotten that Ayr was a port. Burns was born in sight of the sea, but he rarely mentions the waves in his poetry; he was a thorough landsman, and his genius spoke of the sod, and not of the wandering and inconstant billows.

It has happened that I have seen many places of moment in the evening. I saw the grave of Shakspeare in the twilight, and it was nearly sunset when I came to the birthplace of Robert Burns. I saw, what thousands of my countrymen had seen before me, a long, low-walled, thatched cottage. Beside the open door, on one side, was a board, on which was stated, with what seemed to me a stupid provincial pride, that Robert Burns, the "Ayrshire" poet, was born in the house, and on the other side was this inscription: "J. Boyd, licensed to sell spirits, wines and ales." The birthplace of Burns is, as it has been for many years, a dramshop. More than sixty years ago, John Philpot Curran, a man whose genius was akin to that of Burns, and whose great failing was, alas, the same, visited the cottage, and said this of it:

"Poor Burns! his cabin could not be passed unvisited or unwept; to its two little thatched rooms—kitchen and sleeping-place—a slated sort of parlor is added, and it is now an ale-house. We found the keeper of it tipsy; he pointed to the corner, on one side of the fire, and with a most *mal-apropos* laugh, observed, 'There is the spot where Robert Burns was born.' The genius and the fate of the man were already heavy on my

heart, but the drunken laugh of the landlord gave me such a view of the rock on which he foundered, I could not stand it, but burst into tears."

Matters were not in this miserable situation when I saw the cottage. "J. Boyd" was sober, and the place was shown me by a decent-looking woman. In one room a young lady was selling little souvenirs, photographs and the like; in the other room, where Burns first saw the light, a bright fire was burning, and several bumpkins sat smoking long pipes. They looked like stupid, well-meaning young men from town, who wished to go away and tell their friends that they had drank "a glass o' bitter" and smoked a pipe in the identical room where "Bobby Burns" was born.

Alloway Kirk, where Tam O'Shanter saw the devil and all, is standing roofless, as it has for years. The bell is still in position, as of yore, and all is venerable, but a very new-looking, stiff parish church stands opposite, and near by I heard the noise of a steam threshing machine. Progress, real and false, was there. I could appreciate the threshing machine, but "Old Alloway," even in ruins, looked more like a church to me than New Alloway. In the kirk-yard of the old edifice is buried the father of Burns, (whose name was always spelled Burness,) and the tomb-stone is the second one erected to his memory, the first having been broken to pieces and carried off by relic-plundering louts. One of the singular results of the fame of Burns has been to make this churchyard a fashionable place of sepulture. I believe it had fallen into disuse at one time, but of later years many persons of quality have been buried there. I saw the monument of a Mr. Broke, who, if I mistake not, was the son of Captain Broke who commanded the Shannon in her encounter with the Chesapeake,

where we lost our Lawrence and our navy gained an everlasting watchword.

You go on from the church and down a slope, and you come to the monument, and across the way there are some houses. One of them is an inn, and displays the arms of Burns. These, of course, are manufactured for the occasion, for Burns himself said:

"I have not the most distant pretensions to assume that character which the pye-coated guardians of escutcheons call a gentleman. When at Edinburgh last winter I got acquainted in the herald's office, and looking through that granary of honors I there found almost every name in the kingdom; but for me—

'My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood.'

Gules, Purpure, Argent, &c., quite disowned me."

The monument is a very elaborate and costly affair. Its erection was the result of a meeting held at Ayr, attended by but two persons, one of whom was a Mr. Boswell, of the family who furnished the biographer of Dr. Johnson. The monument is situated in a garden filled with dahlias and other showy foreign flowers. I would have built this monument where grows only the green grass, the thistle, that "symbol dear" that Burns turned aside the plow to spare, and here and there some "gowans fine."

From the monument you see the bridge crossed by O'Shanter in his flight, and where the gray mare was curtailed. Douglas Graham, the original of "Tam," is buried not many miles away, and on his tombstone is sculptured his mare, sorrowful and tailless.

It is not without a little thrill that one hears that the brown stream brawling close by among the trees, is the "bonnie Doon."

The lamps were lit in the streets when I got back to Ayr,

and after supper I went out and stood on the “auld brig.” It is indeed very old. The balustrade is worn away as if by the hands that have rested on it during so many centuries. It was a dim, moonlit night; the river shone, but it was with a cold and sullen gleam. A chill wind crept down toward the sea. It was a ghostly place, and made one think of the fate of the man who had made it immortal. He saved others, himself he could not save. But the words he made the “auld brig” speak have turned out a prophecy. “I’ll be a brig when ye’re a shapeless cairn,” said the “auld brig” to the new one, and it is even so: the new bridge has partially fallen, and has been condemned; the “auld brig,” which Burns evidently loved the most, still stands for the benefit of foot passengers; stands fast, not only in fair weather, but stands when

“Auld Ayr is just one lengthened, tumbling sea.”

I saw Ayr by day and night, and it struck me unpleasantly. Too many people of the poorer sort were drunk on the streets. Possibly if they had been hilariously inebriated, I would have liked them better; but these poor creatures were not “o’er all the ills of life victorious,” but simply dirty, disheveled, maudlin, desolately drunk. The old town looked poverty-stricken; the new, stiff, and—I use the word because I can think of no other—hypocritical. I daresay Ayr is a good town enough; Burns said it was famous for “honest men and bonnie lasses;” but as to the first, I had not time to make their acquaintance, and as to the last, they certainly were not on the streets at the time of my visit. It is but justice to say, that the only citizen of the town I had any considerable talk with (the town clerk), was a civil-spoken and intelligent gentleman. He spoke of a fact that I have often noticed, that Burns is a favorite with men who know no other poet.

He told me that James Baird, an immensely wealthy iron-master of the vicinity, not long since deceased—a man supposed to be entirely devoted to business, and to know nothing else—once astonished and electrified a company by repeating Tam O'Shanter from beginning to end.

In going by rail from Ayr to Dumfries, you pass through a country covered all over, I may say, by the poetry of Burns. These “banks and braes and woods around” all echo still his verses. Little streams which but for him had never been heard of, are now in men’s mouths as commonly as the Mississippi or the Amazon or the Ganges. Scotland has been happy in this, that her rockiest hillsides have been made famous by the pen of genius. Her humblest scenes have been ennobled; and what is stranger and greater still, her lowliest people have been made the objects of the world’s sympathy. A poor dairymaid will live forever as “Highland Mary,” and the world will never forget the story of humble Helen Walker, the “Jeanie Deans” of Scott’s most touching story. The route I have spoken of leads through Mauchline, near which Burns lived several years, and passes near Tarbolton. You are scarcely ever out of sight of the waters of the Nith, or some other of the winding streams along which the poet wandered, and you pass in sight of Drumlanrig Castle, once the property of a Duke of Queensberry, for whom Burns had an especial dislike. A visit to this castle delayed me a day on my way to Dumfries.

Sunshine does wonders in Scotland, but it could not brighten Dumfries, where I passed an hour. There may be a clean street in Dumfries, but I did not see it; and, on this occasion, misery was added to uncleanness. It was the day preceding what is

called the "Rood Fair," and all the wretchedness of the surrounding country had collected at Dumfries. All the hoarse-voiced ballad-singers, the one-legged pipers and blind fiddlers in Scotland had apparently gathered in. I never saw together before such a number of blind people. I hurried through this mass of mendicant misery, to the churchyard, where is located the monument of Burns. It is a dome, supported by pillars, and they have put in glass till it looks like a great lantern. You can flatten your nose against the glass for nothing, or can pay threepence for going in. How Burns would have despised all this, could he have foreseen it!

I had intended to stay at Dumfries some hours. I was glad to leave it by the first train, and did not feel relieved until I got to where I could see for myself that "Maxwelton braes are bonnie."

Scotland has changed in many things since the days of Burns. The high farming of our day was something unknown when he followed the plow; for, as I noticed at Kirk Alloway, the threshing machine has taken the place of the "weary flingintree," yet for all that, a copy of Burns's poems may be taken for a guide-book of the region in which he lived. One could, by taking isolated lines and putting them together, write a description of Ayrshire. You meet a witness to the faithfulness of Burns's descriptions very often in the country: I speak of the Scotch collie, or shepherd dog, the most kindly and useful dog in the world, with an eye like a woman's. He it is that speaks for the poor, in the dialogue of the "Twa Dogs." You recognize him by

—“His towzie back,
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black:
His saucy tail, wi' upward curl,
Hangs o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.”

That, especially the last two lines, is as natural as life. It takes a true poet to adorn a tail in that manner.

I commenced with a sorrowful verse about Burns; if I write on, I shall close with yet more sorrowful prose. When you visit the localities which will be forever associated with his name, you see plainer than ever the man, with all his gifts and failings, his sinnings and repentings, his high resolves and miserable defections, his greatness and his weakness. His faults were such as cannot be glossed over, any more than his genius can be denied—and he was *so* imprudent. Until within a comparatively recent period, his memory has been contemned by a large body of the clergy in Scotland, and by many religious people, not so much, I am fain to believe, because he got drunk, or because he was, as an old Scotch woman said to me in Edinburgh, “the father o’ chance children,” as because he wrote slang about a lot of country clergymen and elders, who ought never to have been heard of outside of their own parishes; and yet compilers of his poems have continually stained his fame ever since by preserving this pot-house talk about the squabbles of a kirk session. Burns, like most of us, knew the right and yet pursued the wrong, and fearfully he atoned for it. The author of the finest religious poem I know, “The Cotter’s Saturday Night;” the giver of the best piece of advice possible, the “Epistle to a Young Friend;” and the enunciator of the world’s political creed in the golden days that are coming, in “A man’s a man for a’ that,” perished at the age of thirty-seven, a poor, broken, hopeless man.

I have an idea that, had Burns, with his talents not only for poetical but prose composition, his liberal opinions, his courage and his wit, been born in America, he would have found his way

into the field of journalism, where he would have filled a place like that occupied so many years by George D. Prentice, and that he would have lived to be an old and prosperous man. But had this been his career, he would have been forgotten at his death, for we remember nobody. But it is all done, and well done, now. The good he did lives after him; his errors have been forgiven, and his songs remain to be "the property and solace of mankind."

MEMORIES OF SCOTLAND.

IT is in Scotland, I think, that Mr. Lemuel Gulliver might have found his patriot, who, by causing two spears of grass to grow where one did before, confers more essential service on his country than the “whole race of politicians put together.” Scotch thrift, triumphant over all sorts of obstacles in all parts of the world, has achieved its greatest triumph at home. The Scotchman drives a great bargain with Dame Nature herself, and forces her to give auld Scotia many things not laid down in her original programme. The largest grapes I ever saw were not in France, the land of grapes, but in Scotland, the land of oats. They were raised under glass, of course, and it must be confessed that grapes do not form the principal article of diet of poor people in Scotland; but the great thing is, that grapes should be made to grow in Scotland under any circumstances.

Forest-tree planting, which, in the United States, has scarcely got beyond the point of oral and newspaper discussion—what may be termed the wind-and-ink stage—is an accomplished fact, an achieved success in Scotland. Hillsides, which at the beginning of the present century were as bare as the back of your hand, are now covered with beautiful belts of timber. The little trees that Sir Walter Scott tended when he went to live at Abbotsford, are now great trees, bright and ever green, like the planter’s fame. A certain Duke of Queensberry cut down the

woods of his estate of Drumlanrig, and was poetically cursed therefor by Burns, yet now no traces of the ravaging ax can be seen. The Duke and Burns are gone; but trees care nothing for us creatures of a day. Even the grass which we trample on creeps back when we are still, to give us kindly covering at last.

There is no natural reason why anything but thistles should grow in Scotland; for not only is the sky cold, and the soil as thin as a hypocrite's prayer, but the sea, which loves not vegetation, comes in everywhere in bays and friths, so that the salt wind blows where it lists; and yet those are fine fields one sees in Teviotdale. I saw few better in England.

Scotch scenery, however, has never, even in the Lowlands, the happy look that one sees in England. It seems as if there was a snow-bank somewhere that chilled the air betimes. The landscape is always framed with high hills, on the tops of which the patches of heather lie like shadows. I should think that in the winter-time the fierce, hungry wind, pursuing the snow over the bare slopes, would make journeying over these hills a dreary, if not a dangerous, business. The shepherd, following his toilsome trade amid the drifting snows, is a common figure in Scotch poetry and story.

The streams of Scotland are very different from the placid, rush-bordered, pond-like English streams. The Scotch river is a free, brown stream, that roars and rumbles and rushes along. Such is the Doon; such is the Tweed for many a mile; such is the Water of Fleet, the most charming of the minor streams I saw.

Scotch towns are far from pretty. They are built of stone, and look stiff and ugly and awkward, and the attempts at magnifi-

cence are not a success. They remind one of a lout in his Sunday clothes. I do not know why the word “rawboned” should be applied to a town, but it is the only word I can think of that conveys to my own mind the proper idea of a Scotch town. Melrose, Jedburgh, Kelso, Ayr, Dumfries, all looked alike to me. The same wide, cobble-paved streets; the same stiff stone houses and Presbyterian churches; and the same stiff-legged statue of some hard-headed Scotch soldier, who smote the heathen hip and thigh, in India and elsewhere. These old places are relieved sometimes by the presence of something much older, as at Kelso, where there are the ruins, huge and square, of a very fine old abbey, rising, ivy-covered, in the midst of the town; and at Kirkcudbright, where there is an old castle, which once belonged, I believe, to the McLellans.

To the ugliness of the towns there is one exception, certainly — Edinburgh — which town has not its like in the world.

I lived a week in Edinburgh, and walked every day with McCarty, a Cork man, whose acquaintance I formed during my first day in town. A jewel was McCarty — the best-natured, the wittiest, and by far the most learned of all the McCartys. He knew half-a-dozen modern languages. You should have heard him recite the “Bells of Shandon” in Italian, giving that somewhat effeminate language the advantage of a fine brogue, or “Go where Glory waits Thee,” in French. Irish history, poetry and romance he knew by heart. It was fine to hear him recite the remarks of Curran to Lord Avonmore, in Judge Johnson’s case; and one day he got to talking about French history, and it was very affecting, indeed it was, to hear him describe his feelings on looking at the slipper of Marie Antoinette. “I thought,” said

McCarty, "how that little satin slipper felt the last thrill of her poor body."

But McCarty is not Edinburgh, though much mixed with all my recollections of the town. It was with him that I went up the winding street to the castle, and looked at those fine fellows, the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, who garrison it; with him I looked at the big, ugly old gun, Mons Meg; and with him I leaned over the battlement, and looked at the green park that lies at the foot of the crags, and beyond at the New Town, and the blue, shining waters of the Frith of Forth. One dim day we went to Holyrood together, and wandered through the bare, dismal rooms where the cowardly, brutal murder of Rizzio was perpetrated. I wonder Queen Mary did not go mad in such a place, and surrounded by such people. It was McCarty who went with me to Greyfriars churchyard, where is the holy shrine of the Covenanters. It is a black slab, set in the gray wall, and surrounded by clambering vines of a hard, stiff, thorny nature, not unlike that of the Covenanters themselves, who stood at bay against the wicked Claverhouse and his dragoons at Drumclog. There is a long inscription in verse commemorating the virtues, sufferings and death of the eighteen thousand martyrs of the Covenant. Two old women from Glasgow stood by while I read aloud the inscription, and one of the women wept. Then the four of us wandered about in the churchyard, and read the inscriptions; and coming upon the tomb of the family of Dalzell, one of the women told me a fearful story of the last moments of one General Dalzell, who was a bloody persecutor, and was himself tormented before the time. It was like hearing a tale from Howie's "Scots Worthies." But times change. This old woman, it is

true, kept her lamp trimmed and burning with the old-fashioned oil; but going on Sunday to Greyfriars Kirk, expecting to receive more of the same kind of illumination, I was astonished, not to say shocked. Service was read from a book; the minister preached about his travels on the Continent, instead of the pilgrimage to the New Jerusalem; there was a pipe-organ, and the leading soprano, whose face did not betray any deep consciousness of personal guilt, threw back her bonnet and sang with divers trills and flourishes, “Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me.”

But I am in a fair way to add another volume to the books that have been written about Edinburgh. What a queer place it is, to be sure, with its two towns—the old and the new; its heights and its depths; its broad squares and its narrow streets; its wonderful high houses, such as we dream of when we are sick unto death; houses which we fear are about to fall on us, or we are to fall from. Edinburgh, with its street-sounds, which are all its own—the drone of the bagpipes; the old Jacobite songs, sung first by gallant men and lovely women who have been but dust for a hundred years. Edinburgh, with its memories, dark and bright—crusted with the blood of murder—radiant with the light of love or heroism. Edinburgh, where the pale face of Queen Mary looks out at the narrow window of the high tower; where the Heart of Mid-Lothian looks up at you from the sidewalk. What town is like Edinburgh: the strange, the beautiful, the indescribable?

Of Ayr, my next stopping-place, I have already spoken; and it does not matter how or why I went from Ayr to Kirkeudbright,

and thence seven miles out among the sheep farms of the parish of Borgue. It is sufficient that I went there.

A white stone cottage in the midst of green, broken pastures; all in hillocks, and diversified by clumps of low, ragged bushes, which the people call "whins;" and this cottage the habitation of a shepherd's family: this was what I went out into the Scotch wilderness "for to see," and I was content. The frith of Solway was at our back door, and the weather was fine for Scotland, and it was enough. All the coast is full of cliffs, and the cliffs are full of caves; and sometimes little Katie and I climbed down to the caves, and peered therein, and sometimes we were content to look over the edges of the cliffs, and watch the brown sea-weed swinging, in its lazy way, in the still, green water. There are stories and stories about these caves; and Scott has used one of them in *Guy Mannering*. On the landward side, we walked about the farms, where the pastures are full of the huge, black, hornless Galloway cattle; and went to the village of Borgue, which is a small affair, consisting of two churches, and the manse, and the school house, and the "store," kept by a young fellow who was born in America, and so will be called "Yankee" to the end of his days. But America is no unknown country. One of the lighthouse keepers at Little Ross told me he was a printer, and had worked in Buffalo, New York; and from this cheese-making country young Scotchmen go to the United States, to superintend cheese factories in the summer, and come back to Scotland in the winter.

So passed, in wandering about the shore and hill and dale, the peaceful days; every hour was brightened by humble but hearty

hospitality; every night the fire shone bright, and the songs of one world were sung and the stories of two worlds were told; here battles were recounted, from Bannockburn to Gettysburg. So passed these last days in Scotland, and so they will linger in memory like the breathing of the gentle wind, the plashing of the pleased and solaced wave.

A GLIMPSE OF ULSTER.

"How is old Ireland?—and how does she stand?"—*Napper Tandy*.

THE maxim that "half a loaf is better than no bread," has been repeated so often that mankind has come generally to believe it; but in the case of Ireland, I was obliged to "dilute" the maxim by one-half, since my brief travels were confined to Ulster alone, and Leinster, Munster and Connaught, three-fourths of Ireland, were left untouched.

There are many ways of getting to Ireland, but the one selected by myself was, though perhaps the shortest in use, not the most frequented. It was from Stranraer to Larne. The government years ago expended a great deal of money at Portpatrick, which is the point on the Scotch coast nearest to Ireland, but, like, many internal-improvement schemes in America, the port of Portpatrick miscarried, and the business was transferred to Stranraer, at the head of Loch Ryan. From here the boats run to Larne, whence it is a brief trip by rail to Belfast, the "Liverpool of Ireland."

Stranraer is a dirty town, more Irish, I should judge, than Scotch, at least the street music appeared to be entirely of the shillelah and jig order. A few fishing vessels lay in the harbor, the only steamer being the Larne boat. Altogether Stranraer is a slow town—as slow as Artemus Ward's town in Indiana, where the plank road came in three times a week.

The passage from Scotland to Ireland was effected on a bright day in about three hours. My traveling companions were a gentleman and his wife from Girvan, and much talk was indulged in about Scotland and the Scotch, more especially the Highlanders. Reference was made to the popular belief that a curse has followed the descendants of the authors and perpetrators of the massacre of Glencoe, and I was told, with every appearance of sincerity, that the family of Stair, who reside near Stranraer, are to this day regarded with aversion, their ancestor having ordered that frightful butchery. This, considering that Stranraer is far distant from the scene of the crime, and that two centuries have elapsed since Lord Stair planned the extermination of the Macdonalds, is certainly treasuring up wrong with a vengeance. My informant, however, appeared to entertain no doubt as to the existence of the feeling and its cause.

The coast of Ireland must, I believe, be one of the most uniformly beautiful in the world. It certainly looked very bright to me when first I saw it in the south, and it was just as bright when I came in sight of it in the north. The expression "Gem of the Sea" is certainly not a great exaggeration when applied to Ireland as seen from the sea.

Larne is a small but well-built town, but nobody stops there, it being merely a sort of side-door to Belfast. The last-named town is exceedingly well built, and the use of red brick, as in America, relieved the place of the heavy look of English and Scotch cities of the same class. There was little in the town that brought up the popular idea of Ireland, except the enormous number of barefooted girls one met in the streets. I do not believe I ever saw the female foot in its natural form (except in the

case of two very young girl babies in whom I had an interest), until I went to Ireland. Here are plenty of feet that have apparently never known the weight of a shoe, and this illustrated the great doctrine of compensation. The poor Irish people have suffered from war, pestilence and politicians, but heaven has mercifully spared them from corns.

Belfast interested me as the capital of the Scotch-Irish, a race of people who have left a deep mark on the United States. It was odd, so far from home, to be constantly reminded of Western Pennsylvania. Here were the same names—Antrim, Coleraine, Sligo, and so on—and among the people are to be found the same cast of features and the same accent, to say nothing of the same Presbyterianism, that have existed in the country of which Pittsburgh may be said to be the capital, for I do not know how long. Dwelling with these people is a very considerable Catholic population, and the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne was formerly celebrated by annual revivals of the case of Fist *vs.* Skull, but I believe the fighting has lacked somewhat in liveliness and interest of late years. I suppose the row in New York, a few years since, over the same question, so far eclipsed the Irish efforts that they were suspended. Thus does American enterprise everywhere assert itself. At any rate, the only trace of the ancient animosity I saw in Ulster was the sentence, "No Pope here," scribbled on the ceiling of a railroad car.

I looked about Belfast four or five hours, and was greatly pleased with the public buildings, evidently planned by a person greatly needed by the Government of the United States, viz., an architect. Belfast has a plentiful supply of churches, some of them extremely handsome. There may have been monuments to

Nelson and Wellington, but, fortunately, if they existed, I failed to see them, and enjoyed my meals better in consequence.

In journeying from Belfast, I traveled with a car full of men who might have been taken for residents of Blair county, Pennsylvania. One sandy-bearded young fellow devoted himself to my instruction, but the amount of the remarkably robust Irish whisky (which grows very large in Ulster) which he had concealed about his person before leaving Belfast, somewhat interfered with the clearness, order and lucidity of his remarks. I gathered from him, however, that Ulster was the finest country in the world, and that County Antrim was the finest part of Ulster. This somewhat surprised me, for I had been led to believe, from the statements of my old friend, Judge Christian, of Cowley, that the Irish garden of Eden was located in County Down.

I regret that the scene before me did not justify my companion's encomiums. While Ireland—Ulster, at least—is not the "most distressful country that ever yet was seen"—*that* spot being located in the Ozark Mountains—it is undoubtedly far from rivaling England or even Scotland. It struck me as a naturally good country, which had suffered from several centuries of carelessness. The land was cut up into numberless little patches, of every conceivable size and shape, divided by hedges; and these, unlike the almost painful trimness of English hedges, looked broken and unkempt. I have seldom seen worse in Kansas, and this is saying a good deal. The turf was a brilliant green, but it was a sort of wild turf, and the frequent pools dug in the fields for the purpose of soaking flax, the water gleaming dimly in the light of the sinking sun, conveyed a desolate feeling. Bogs were passed at frequent intervals, where the peat, black as ink, had

been excavated to a considerable depth, and was piled in great stacks here and there. There were potato-fields, of course, the potatoes being planted in a fashion new to me, in what looked like long, narrow garden beds, separated by trenches, and in these trenches there were rows of cabbages. The grain harvest was in progress, and the majority of the laborers appeared to be women and girls. The pastures were small, and filled with cattle which did not appear to have the least trace of blood, as unlike the English and Scotch cattle as possible. Nevertheless, the Irish cattle trade is important, and the boats which run to Liverpool are always full of these four-footed "exiles of Erin."

The towns Antrim, Ballymena, Coleraine, and several smaller places, appeared more thrifty than the country about them. The linen industry is very considerable, and builds up the towns. There are few prettier little sights than a bleaching-green, with the long strips of white linen extended line after line on the brilliant turf. All these towns have a history, a part of the long and troubrous story of Ireland. At Antrim was fought one of the most destructive engagements in the rebellion of 1798; but it's a long story, and everybody is referred to Mr. Froude and Father Burke, who, from the two extremes of the "Irish Question," have battled over it with rare learning, ingenuity and force.

The people in the cars seemed of one sort—simply Scotch-Irish—sturdy, Presbyterian sort of men, with one exception. At one station, there hopped into the car a man who actually seemed of another race. His long hair hanging on his shoulders, his sharp black eyes, his thin features, the complicated mass of rags that extended from his neck to his bare feet, fitted him to go on the stage and play the "Shaughraun" without any further "mak-

ing up." If he spoke English, it was after a fashion unintelligible to me. His movements were as agile as those of a cat, and as he rode from one station to the next, I had abundant occupation in studying him. Except in Boucicault's plays, I never saw his like.

At last hedges, bleaching-greens, potato-fields, peat-stacks, bogs and the "Shaughraun" were, if not out of mind, out of sight; and I found "rest and a light, and food and fire" at Coleman's Hotel in Portrush. The fire was welcome in this northernmost spot of north Ireland; and as ruddy as the firelight and stalwart as a "bold dragoon" was my fireside companion, Mr. Anthony O'Neil, who is connected with all my memories of the place and its vicinity. Mr. O'Neil, a Dublin man by birth, and a town councillor of his native place, belonged, as may be supposed, to the old religion and the old race. His recollection went back to the days of O'Connell and "repeal;" and very interesting were his reminiscences of the great agitator, who, in my judgment, was possessed of more practical sense than all the rest of the Irish politicians before or since.

Morning dawned on Portrush with a wind and sky that betokened rain; but the councillor was up early, and we inspected Portrush quite thoroughly before breakfast. It is a little town built on a sandy shelf above a very beautiful beach. In a waste spot of ground is the one monument of the place, commemorating the life and services of Dr. Adam Clarke, the commentator, who was "brought up," the inscription says, at Portstewart, a little town a few miles away. Most of the houses of Portrush are let for the accommodation of people who come to the place to bathe; to enjoy the sea-water, to wade in it and swim in it, and soak in

it, and even as my friend observed, to "ile their hair wid it." We had no use for any brine, and accordingly after breakfast we set out for the Giant's Causeway in a jaunting car.

I do not know who invented the jaunting car, but he was an original genius, and succeeded in constructing a vehicle which looks unlike anything else that runs on wheels. At the first glance a jaunting car seems to be all springs; but really accommodates four persons besides the driver; and between the seats whereon the passengers sit, or rather cling, or perch, is a sort of box, or chest, which may be made to hold jugs and other baggage. It was in a jaunting car, then, that we went to the Causeway, along the coast road; and a fine road it is. And all along on one side was the sea, whereof an Irish poet sings—

"The breakers lap and curl below;
And sea-birds poised on wings of snow
Whirl fitfully in-shore and fro,
And soar, and dip, and skim.
To east and north, a waste of waves,
From Antrim's coast of cliffs and caves,
Blends with the blue sky's rim."

The cliffs are frequently of snowy white limestone, and the constant hammer and chisel of those steady workers—the waves—has wrought in them arches of wondrous grace and beauty, through which the waves run to and fro continually, as if looking after their work. The beach forms a succession of amphitheaters all the way to the Causeway, as if the shore-line was like that of an army driven back in places and holding its original position at others.

The country along the coast, though much better cultivated than the country elsewhere, is not thickly settled. We passed

through but one village—Bush Mills—famous for its whisky in a country which certainly knows good whisky when it is visible. Here we took up a guide, and thereby saved ourselves from being torn to pieces by the gang of guides who lie in wait for travelers at the Causeway.

At last we came to another Coleman's Hotel, and after waiting an hour or so for the rain to let up, started to look at an object I had speculated about ever since I first saw its picture in the geography—the Giant's Causeway.

We clambered down a steep bluff to the water's edge, and got into a boat rowed by four stout men, who were none too many, for it is a restless sea that has been trying for ages to beat down these cliffs. We rose, and fell, and swung, with the great swirling waves, which charged in a mass of white and green up to the top of the low, black rocks, and then came rushing and roaring back, quite in a foam with the exertion, only to try it again and again—the old play of rock and wave, old as time. The men rested on their oars in the midst of one of the amphitheaters I have mentioned, and the guide called our attention to the surrounding scenery. There was nothing there except a gray cliff, and the water at its feet. One might as well look at Calhoun's bluff. But we went farther, into another little foaming bay, and looked again, and there was, not the bare, common cliff, but two rows of columns, thousands of columns side by side, yet each distinct. In one place, it seemed as if the weight placed on the columns had been too heavy for them, and they were bent, not broken—all still side by side, twisted over in the same direction. This was better, but not yet the Giant's Causeway. Then we came to the black entrances of great caves running far under the cliffs, and

the boat shot into them. Wondrous caves were these, whereof the floor is the green and shifting sea. As regularly as beats the pulse in one's wrist, the wave came rushing in, and seemed as if it would shut the boat in with a wall of water, but then seemed to change its purpose, sank, and glided under us, rose after it had passed, and went on to the end of the cave to hurl itself against the wall in foam and thunder. The ceiling of the cave was a mass of black—they say it was lava once, and rushed and hissed and burned—but this I do not know; it is cold enough now. Next to the water-line was a vein of some mineral of a delicate pink, which blended with the water all around. The guide kept up a jargon about “haymetite,” and “conglomerate,” and “ox-hide,” that he did not understand, to say nothing of his auditors. I would rather he had dropped geology and told us some lies about the giant who built the Causeway. And after all this, we rowed to the Causeway itself. It did not realize my expectations in the matter of height above the water, but it is a growing wonder.

I suppose all my readers are familiar with the machine called a pile-driver, and if so, they will please keep it in mind while I try to *explain* the Giant's Causeway. Suppose a party started to build a bridge, or rather, road, of piles across an arm of the sea. He drives several hundred feet from the shore out before he gives up the undertaking. Those nearest the shore are the highest, and thence the piles grow shorter as the work advances into the water, till the last are almost even with the surface. Now suppose he has driven forty thousand of these piles; suppose, farther, that all the piles before being driven were dressed, so that their sides matched; suppose that some had five, some six, some seven,

some eight sides; but out of the forty thousand, only one had three sides, and only three had nine sides. Suppose that, after all these hewed, jointed and matched piles had been driven, they were instantaneously, separately and collectively turned into stone—and you have the Giant's Causeway. The piles are, moreover, all of the same kind of stone. If you would like to make one of the piles or columns, I can give you the recipe: Take twenty-five parts of clay, twenty-five parts of lime, twenty-five parts of iron, and twenty-five parts of flinty earth, and you have the ingredients—they "can be procured at any drug store." You will understand that the iron is used for coloring matter. The columns are about the hue of dark iron ore.

Of course we landed at the Causeway, and walked all about over the tops of the pillars, and saw the four eccentric ones that stood out from the others on the question of shape. We were beset by two old women, who followed us about, telling, in a most lamentable voice, a story of poverty, to which their countrymen responded only with a sarcastic, "Oh, murther!" However, I invested a coin of the realm in photographs and benedictions, the latter of which I regarded as having been bought at a very handsome figure. Laden with blessings, photographs and general information, we climbed the bluff again and wended our way back to Portrush, stopping on the way to look at the ruins of Dunluce Castle—a mass of broken walls standing on a crag that goes down sheer to the water—and when you look over the brink you can see the breakers springing up at you like a drove of white wolves. I suppose there has been as much crime, suffering, sin and blood in the past of Dunluce as in that of the other old castles, which, thank Heaven, have had their day. There are no tenants now

except the peaceful sheep that graze in the old court-yard. The watchman of these walls now is the wind, that wanders about day and night, and with its invisible fingers keeps the floor of one little tower always clean. But the people thereabouts say the sweeper is the Banshee.

Going back toward Belfast, I parted with my old friend of some thirty-six hours at Coleraine, as he was going on to Dublin. But I had business elsewhere, as I will explain.

One of the early contractors on that singularly ill-constructed job, my education, was an Irish priest. I remember very little of the labors of Father Flaherty (that was not his name), save that he was accustomed to stand me up in a corner and try to teach me to speak in the florid Irish manner, "There was a sownd of rivelry bee noight;" but I remember finding in his library a thin book with a flaming orange cover—of which I did not then understand the significance. It was a poem—or rather a rhyme—about the "Siege of Derry." How such a work ever found its way into the collection of his reverence, I have no idea, for it was the most ferociously Protestant publication I have ever read. How it did go on about King James and the rest! But I remember, bitter as it was, it had a good word for one of the "opposition," the subject of the melancholy couplet:

"Brave Patrick Sarsfield, one of King James's best commanders,
Now lies, the food for crows, in Flanders."

This little but savage poem, perhaps, led me to go to Londonderry. At any rate I went there.

The road from Coleraine runs most of the way along a plain by the sea, though sometimes under the shadow of high mountains. Of the points of the road, I remember for one, Ballyrena;

for in the waste plain, wet, ill-cultivated, miserable, I saw the Irish “cot”—a pretty word in poetry, a beastly thing in reality. The low walls, the thatched roof patched with turf, the little stack of peat, the dunhill in front of the door—all combined to make a most God-forsaken human habitation. I understand they have refused to canonize Christopher Columbus. He ought to have been made a saint of the first magnitude, for he gave to mankind a new world, where men have got away from such squalid places as these Ballyrena huts, not only in Ireland but all over Europe.

With Limavady, or Limavady Junction, more pleasant recollections are connected. It was here, or near here, that Thackeray met “Peg of Limavady.” He celebrated her charms in many glowing verses, but we will all rise and sing this one:

“This I do declare.
Happy is the laddy,
Who the heart can share
Of Peg of Limavady.
Married if she were,
Blest would be the daddy
Of the children fair
Of Peg of Limavady.
Beauty is not rare
In the land of Paddy:
Fair beyond compare
Is Peg of Limavady.”

Derry is a rusty old town, and it is interesting only in what it has been. It has its wall yet, and I walked all around it and looked at the old iron guns which banged valorously at King James’s army. Each gun bears the date 1642, and the name of some one of the London companies, the “Vintners” or the “Merchant Taylors,” and so on. On a high pillar is Walker, the Epis-

copal clergyman who nerved up the starving garrison till help, long delayed, came. Poor Walker!—he lived too long. For a while he was regarded as a hero; then he was brought into a long and aggravating war of pamphlets; then, not satisfied with being a hero once, he, notwithstanding his clerical office, fought as a volunteer at the battle of the Boyne and was killed, and his death only drew from King William, in whose cause he fell, the remark that he had no business there. And this was the end of it all, “a most lame and impotent conclusion.”

Derry has greatly changed since the days of the siege, and extends far outside of the walls. The old arm of the Foyle, that then encircled it on one side, is dry land now, and covered with houses. It was strange to stand on ground where men, emaciated with hunger, worn with watching and fighting, clung to their old guns to the last, rather than yield to a Roman Catholic enemy, and look across to the old lines of King James’s army, and see rising there the finest church in Derry, a Roman Catholic church. Walker’s old foes had come again, and this time to stay. Time, more powerful than armies, had done what the sword could not do. The priest, the minister of peace, had succeeded where the soldier had failed.

I could not find in the town a local guide-book, but was told by some one that I might meet on the wall an old man who for many years had lingered about, and who was a repository of the history and traditions of Derry. I looked for him, and made inquiries, but found him not; and they said, carelessly, that he had not been seen for some months, and was probably dead. It affected me deeply, this thought of the poor old fellow, haunting the old wall, reciting to strangers for year after year with honest

pride the glories of his town; and at last suffered to drag himself away in a corner and die and be forgotten. Such is the fate of the world's humble historians.

In the evening, I went away from Derry by the road I came, past Limavady, past Ballyrena, past Downhill, where the waves nearly meet the mountain, and so to Coleraine again. It was dark when I reached Belfast, where I took the steamer—and that is all I know about Ireland.

PIKE OF PIKE'S PEAK.

PIKE OF PIKE'S PEAK.

THOSE who happened to be on the Plains in the old days, when the "star of empire" was on wheels—wagon wheels; when California was known as the land of gold, the North American El Dorado, must have noticed on the broad, white, sun-baked highway, the passage of a team, the beasts being called, by a construction of the plural peculiar to their owner, "oxens." The wheelers were known as "Buck" and "Bright;" the leaders as "Tige" and "Golden"—the former as an allusion to his supposed-to-be ferocious and untamable disposition; the latter possibly out of compliment to the destination of the outfit, or their prospects, but probably on account of the dull-yellow color of his hide, which was supposed to resemble the metal which had led his human friends to undertake the long and toilsome journey.

Beside the oxen walked a man, who, in his length, his looseness, his "batteredness," and the hue of his outer garments, reminded one of an illy-jointed stovepipe in a country school house. He indulged in no fancy colors. His tone was dim, not to say subdued. The shock of hair which straggled from beneath his

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slouch hat extended to the upper boundary of a coat, called, from the principal dye-stuff used in coloring it, "butternut." The coat extended to pantaloons of the same color, which were finally lost in tremendous boots—enormous piles of rusty leather—red from "long travel, want and woe." The man's countenance, painted by the hand of the "ager," was of a dull-yellow hue, not unlike the complexion of the ox, "Golden." From one corner of a gash in this attractive visage called by courtesy a mouth, trickled a fluid called "ambeer," which word I take to be a corruption of amber. The man carried no weapons except a whip, with a hickory handle long enough for a liberty-pole, with a lash in proportion. The whole thing was lamentably slow. The man shambled along as if his boots were made of lead, his loose joints threatening to dissolve their union and erect several separate confederacies. The oxen jogged along like machines, with the exception of an occasional dash of enterprise on the part of "Tige." Yet the man kept up a constant, rambling, loud-voiced, complaining conversation with the oxen, the words varying only in the stress or accent, as: "*You, Buck!*" "*You, Bright!*" rising into an angry snarl when addressed to the Ishmael of the team, "*You, TIGE!*" Occasionally, when the wagon slid down a declivity, or had to be dragged up an ascent, the round-shouldered driver seemed to grow taller. He drew himself out like a spy-glass, and swinging the long lash around, gave it a crack that sounded like the report of a rifle, at the same time projecting from his leathern lungs the ejaculation, "*Whoa! Haw!*" that rang far out over the plain, and nearly took the oxen off their feet.

So far we have said nothing about the wagon or its contents.

It is only by the novel-writer's license that we can see most of the latter, hid from view as they are by the wagon-sheet. The principal figure in sight is, of course, the "old woman," an angular being who sits in front smoking a cob pipe, distributing fragments of conversation all around—now to the tow-headed children, who seemed to fill all the space in the wagon not occupied by the old woman; now in a querulous voice to her liege lord, who is driving the team, and now to the landscape generally, which the woman appears to regard with dislike, if not malevolence. A tall, slim girl, apparently about sixteen, whose attire consists of a sun-bonnet and a long, narrow-skirted, dark-blue calico dress, which does not hide her bare feet, trudges beside the wagon—the only living creature in the caravan who betrays even the faintest trace of possible prettiness or actual vivacity.

These people pursue their journey, day after day, mile after mile. Every night the blaze of their camp-fire rises beside the stream; every morning they leave a little heap of ashes. There they go, up hill and down dale; they disappear in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and there seems borne from them on the wings of the western wind, a sound—the echo of an echo—it is, "Whoa! Haw!"

To these people thus described, and to all who bore to them a family resemblance, and who in 1849 and in subsequent years crossed the Plains to California, came to be applied, by whom originally I know not, the general name of "Pikes." Various explanations have been given of the origin of the name. The most reasonable one is, that, there are in Missouri and Illinois two large counties named Pike, and separated from each other by the Mississippi river. In 1849 an immense emigration set in

from these counties to California. In consequence, the traveler bound for the States, meeting teams, and asking the usual question, "Where are you from?" was answered, frequently, with "Pike county," meaning in some cases one Pike county, and in some cases the other. This led to the general impression that everybody on the road was from Pike county, or that the inhabitants of Pike had all taken the road. Hence the general name of "Pikes," as applied to emigrants, especially to those traveling from Missouri, and, generally those migrating from southern Illinois and southern Indiana. Thus the popular song—the only poetry I ever heard of applied to this class of "movers," commences:

"My name it is Joe Bowers,
I've got a brother Ike;
I'm bound for California,
And I'm all the way from Pike."

The impression conveyed by all this, that the two Pike counties mentioned are semi-heathen regions, is certainly not correct at present. Pike county, Missouri, is one of the most flourishing of the Mississippi river counties—remarkable for the number and eminence of its politicians and lawyers; while of the general elevation and excellence of that section of Illinois of which Pike county forms a part, it is only necessary to say that the author of this address was born in the adjoining county.

But how did it come about that not only these two counties, but in the United States ten counties and twenty-odd townships and towns bear the name of Pike? I venture to say there are some even in this intelligent audience who cannot readily answer the question. There are doubtless hundreds of Pike county school-children who do not know. To answer this question,

among others; to recall, if but for a brief moment, the name of a half-forgotten hero—interesting to Kansas people as the first intelligent American explorer of their State—is the object of this address.

Zebulon Montgomery Pike was born a long time ago, as is evidenced by his name. I suppose it is forty years, at least, since any father or mother in this country has called a son by the Old-Testament name of "Zebulon." He was, in fact, born in Lamberton, New Jersey, April 27th, 1779. He was born amid the scenes of Washington's brilliant victory over the Hessians, (for Lamberton is now a part of Trenton,) and but three years after that event. When Washington received his famous ovation at Trenton, in 1788, it is possible that the baby Pike was held in arms to see the hero pass under a triumphal arch, while the youthful beauty of New Jersey strewed his way with flowers. If ever a man was born a soldier, Pike was. His father was an officer in the Revolutionary army, and was retained or recommissioned in the regular army after the close of the war. Of the boyhood of our hero, little has been preserved. He was, however, we know, a bright, courageous, studious boy, and when but little more than a boy was commissioned an ensign in his father's company of infantry. He was born, we may say, on a battle-field. His first serious work in life was to assume the duties of an officer in the army of his country; in that service he lived, and in that service he died.

While Pike's narratives are spiritedly written, and in good English, they betray no evidence of very great literary attainments. He was, however, for the young army officer of his time, well educated. He early acquired a knowledge of Latin, French

and Spanish and mathematical attainments certainly sufficient for the purposes of a military explorer.

One day in April, 1803, Mr. Barbé Marbois, at that time at the head of the French treasury department, took a walk in a garden in Paris. Mr. Livingston, who was dining with Mr. Monroe, asked him (Marbois) to come into the house. After coffee, the French secretary of the treasury asked Mr. Livingston to step into another room a moment. The two gentlemen had a conversation. It was one of several such. Sometimes they were at St. Cloud; sometimes Talleyrand was a party; sometimes the First Consul, Bonaparte: and the result of these various chats was, that on the 30th of April, 1803, was definitely settled the greatest land trade on record. So big was it, that the American Government did not know, nor did it realize for years afterward, how much land it had bought, or really where it was located. That accurate scholar, Senator Ingalls, says we bought Louisiana at the rate of a hundred acres for a cent. As we paid, in principal and interest, before we got through, \$23,500,000, those who are quick at figures may be able to form some idea of the extent of the purchase. We bought it in good time. The English were ready to take New Orleans, and, during the closing days of the Spanish occupancy, we ourselves were about ready to take it by force. Not three weeks before the First Consul signed the treaty of cession, Talleyrand told Mr. Livingston that Louisiana was not theirs to cede. Mr. Livingston smilingly responded, that he (Mr. L.) knew a great deal better. Talleyrand still persisting, Mr. Livingston, still smiling, I suppose, remarked, that he was pleased to learn that Louisiana still belonged to Spain, as in that event we should take possession of it anyhow. This is supposed to have accelerated

matters considerably. At any rate, we got Louisiana for money, and without a fight; hence the Nebraska bill, hence Kansas, and the State Historical Society, and other things too numerous to mention.

But what had we got? That was the question. The Spaniard, unfortunately for mankind, was not cleaned off the face of this continent. He fell back into Mexico. And where and what was Mexico? The Mexican war was waged, more than forty years afterward, to find out. You can imagine how uncertain things were in 1806. We scarcely knew where the Pacific ocean was, and Lewis and Clarke were sent to find out. They discovered Nebraska, Dakota and Oregon. We owned the Mississippi river, and we knew where the lower end of it was; but we had no official knowledge of its source. And this brings our friend Pike on the scene of action.

At the time Pike was selected to explore the sources of the Mississippi, he was twenty-six years old. He had no commissioned officer associated with him, and the official labor and responsibility of the expedition fell on him alone. He had under his command one sergeant, two corporals and seventeen privates. He left St. Louis, August 9th, 1805, in a keel-boat seventy feet long. It was a slavish trip, although the country was not entirely a wilderness. The French for years had known all about the river. The amusement of the voyage was fishing; their diet, I judge, principally catfish and whisky. There were American traders among the Sacs and other Indians. Pike says they were great rascals. I presume it is not profitable to stop and argue the point. Pike was kind to the Indians, and always gave them all the whisky he could spare. He was very popular with them, I

think. The party were going north, and it kept constantly getting colder. The powder fell into the river, and had to be fished out. In undertaking to dry it in pots, an explosion occurred. Lieut. Pike remarks "that it had nearly blown up a tent, and two or three men with it." Poor Pike—he was yet to experience a greater and more fatal explosion. The party went on—north all the time. The river froze up, and then they dragged their outfit on the ice. They reached the Sioux country, and spent much time with that deeply-interesting people. One of the chiefs was called The-Wind-that-Walks. I judge from the name that he was a great politician.

Pike spent the winter among the frozen lakes, the snowy prairies and hemlock swamps of the far North, and collected a vast amount of information about the country and the numerous Indians who inhabited it. In reading his narrative, you find tribes spoken of as numerous and powerful, that have now faded, not only from the face of the earth, but from the memory of man.

After this toilsome trip, it would seem that our young officer ought to have been allowed to rest awhile in comfortable quarters at St. Louis, to which place he returned, April 30, 1806. But it is doubtful if Pike wished to rest; in fact, it is almost certain that he did not.

The military officer in charge of the Western country at that time was General James Wilkinson, a restless, bombastic, fussy old gentleman, with a rare faculty for getting into difficulties. As an officer in the Revolutionary army, he was concerned in the Conway cabal, a plot to supplant Washington, and place in his stead General Gates, an officer who afterwards got beautifully thrashed by the British at Camden. He turned up in the army,

after being for awhile a merchant at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1791; received Louisiana from the French in 1803, and contrived to get mixed up in the Burr business to such an extent that nobody knows to this day, I believe, which side he was on. He was investigated, court-martialed, and acquitted; went into the war of 1812; served on the Canada frontier; was a conspicuous failure; was court-martialed again, and again acquitted; and finally, there being no opportunity in those days to enter the lecture field, he wrote his memoirs, and retired to the City of Mexico, where he died.

General James Wilkinson in his day was probably the subject of more uncomplimentary remarks than any man of his caliber in the country, and I deem it no more than justice to say for him, that, with all his faults, he was the steadfast friend of Zebulon M. Pike.

It was in obedience to General Wilkinson's orders that Pike started on his second expedition — the tour to Kansas. Pike left Belle Fontaine, a little town near the mouth of the Missouri, July 15, 1806. He had with him a party of Osages who had been redeemed from captivity among the Pottawatomies. His instructions were to take these back to their friends on the headwaters of the Osage river, on the border of what is now Kansas; then to push on to the Pawnee republic, on the upper Republican river, on the way interviewing the Kaws; then to go south to the Arkansas and Red rivers and try to find the Comanches. On arriving at the Arkansas, Lieut. Wilkinson (a son of the General) and a party were to be detached and sent down that stream to Fort Adams, on the Mississippi, while Pike was to make his way to the Red river and descend it to Natchitoches, Louisiana.

I have spoken of the uncertainty that prevailed in regard to the extent of our purchase from France, in the vast, vague region known as Louisiana. In consequence of this uncertainty, Pike was warned not to encroach upon the limits of New Mexico, or New Spain. As we shall see, this is precisely what he did.

Pike ascended the Osage river in accordance with his instructions. The Osage is now a half-forgotten thoroughfare. Within forty years, however, it has been an important highway (if that term may be applied to a river) of commerce. In the old time it was a traveled road. The Catholic missionary on his way to the Osages, followed the stream; trappers and traders innumerable crossed and re-crossed it, and worked their way up and down it. It was the road from southern Kansas, and what is now the Indian Territory, and even Texas, to the great trading-post of St. Louis—the religious, commercial and political capital of upper Louisiana.

The Osage, the continuation of our own Marais des Cygnes, is a lovely stream; a succession of placid reaches of deep water, separated by rippling, shoaly shallows. On the one bank or the other for miles, rise cliffs, sometimes to the height of two hundred feet; sometimes as smooth and uniform as the wall of a house, dropping sheer from the dark cedars that crown their crest to the water, but oftener worn in fantastic shapes, jutting over at the top like the leaf of a table; stained brown and red and yellow by the iron within and the weather without; their bases hid in fallen masses of rock and the narrow belt of green trees that grow to the edge of the bright water. The windings of the stream are continuous; a few strokes of the oar bringing the voyager in view of an entirely new prospect. The shadow of the cliffs sometimes hides

the darkling stream on the one side, sometimes on the other, and, rowing by moonlight, your boat is now in the midst of a lake of burnished silver, the drops from the dripping oars sparkling like diamonds, and in a moment, turning a point, you seem entering one of those mysterious streams that flow through caverns. The river winds through a thinly-settled country, and for miles the solitude of cliff and forest is unbroken. It often seems as if, at the next turn, you would come upon a grassy point with an Indian encampment, with its curling smoke and "its young barbarians all at play." You half expect to see, darting across the stream in your front, the canoe filled with its blanketed and painted crew; and this impression of the presence of a vanished race is strengthened by seeing on the rocks the vermillion-hued symbols and signs, bows, arrows and buffaloes, painted by some savage artist long ago. May the day come when some abler pen than mine shall write thy story, fair Osage, from green Marais du Cygne, the "Marsh of the Swan," to where the Missouri rolls its devouring flood over the site of the once gay French frontier village of Cote Sans Dessein.

Pike is accused by his biographer, Whiting, of indifference to the charms of natural scenery; he slightly berates him for speaking of some picturesque eminences on the upper Mississippi as "prairie knobs;" yet Pike remarked the beautiful cliffs of the Osage, and even the French trappers, rudest of men, designated one point as "La Belle Roche"—the beautiful rock.

In the last days of August the journey by water was ended, by the arrival of the party at the Osage villages, situated on a beautiful prairie. Here they had much to do with a chief named White Hair, whose name has descended to our times. Where the villages were located, it is hard to ascertain by Pike's map, but

they were probably not far from the eastern line of Linn county. The Osages were found to be greatly under the influence of the then and now powerful commercial house of Chouteau. As an evidence of the early influence of the French over the Western Indians, Pike was told by Chtoka (possibly Chetopa) that he, a Little Osage, was in the action known as "Braddock's Defeat," in 1755, and that the Kaws arrived after the battle; that they were absent from their villages seven months, and were obliged to eat their horses on their return. This is a specimen of early Kansas enterprise.

Leaving the Osage villages with horses procured there, Pike's party, consisting of himself, Lieut. Wilkinson, Doctor John H. Robinson, Sergeants Ballenger and Meek, Corporal Jackson, sixteen private soldiers and Baroney Vasquez, interpreter, and a number of Osage Indians, started on a journey destined to be much longer than they expected. The course of the party was generally to the south and southwest, till Pike arrived on the summit of a high ridge, which he describes as a dividing line between the waters of the Osage river and the Arkansas, (the final syllable of which word Pike invariably spells *saw*.) He says, what many people have said since: "The prairie, rising and falling in beautiful swells, as far as the sight can extend, presented a very beautiful appearance." Marching westward, the party reached the Neosho, then called Grand river. This crossed, they followed up the stream, keeping on the divide as Pike says, between the Verdigris and the Neosho. An immense amount of game was seen. Pike says that, standing on a hill one day, he saw in one view, buffaloes, elk, deer and panthers. The country is described as dry and rocky, and water scarce.

On the 17th of September, Pike reached, going northwest,

what he describes as the main southwest branch of the Kansas river. It was the Smoky Hill. Two days after, they crossed a large branch of the Kansas, strongly impregnated with salt. It began to rain, and Pike says, that while in camp, "we employed ourselves in reading and in pricking on our arms with India ink some characters which will frequently bring to our mind our forlorn and dreary situation, as well as the happiest days of our lives." One source of the trouble which oppressed Pike, was the conduct of the Osages who formed part of the expedition, and whom he describes as a "faithless set of poltroons, incapable of a great and generous action." On the 23d, a stream was reached which Pike believed to be the Solomon.

About this time, Pike discovered something that must have astonished him as much as did the footprints in the sand the worthy Robinson Crusoe. It was the trail of three hundred Spanish troops. It was even so. The Spanish authorities in New Spain, hearing from St. Louis of the departure of Pike's expedition, had sent Lieut. Malgares, a distinguished officer, with one hundred dragoons and five hundred mounted militia, from Santa Fé, and led animals to the number of two thousand and seventy-five, to intercept him on the Red river. Malgares marched down Red river, then north to the Arkansas, and there leaving his used-up animals, marched north to the Saline, where he met the Pawnees and the Iatans, or, as we call them, the Comanches. These last, Malgares received with great ceremony. He sallied forth with five hundred men, all on white horses, except himself and two principal officers, who were mounted on black ones, and was received on the plain by fifteen hundred of the savage chivalry in their gayest robes.

Malgares did not intercept Pike; but they met afterwards, as we shall see.

The expedition reached the Pawnee village, high up on the Republican, on the 25th of September. Then there was an immense amount of riding around in circles, and smoking of pipes between Pike and his Osages, and the Kaws and Pawnees. Pike found that the Spaniards had left several flags in the village, and the banner of Spain was floating from a pole in front of the head chief's lodge. Pike had twenty white men against the Pawnee nation; but he ordered the Spanish flag hauled down and the American colors run up—and it was done. Pike took possession of the Spanish flag; but the chief seeming grieved about it, Pike gave it back to him, with strict injunctions not to raise it again—and so the stars and stripes first kissed the breezes of the Republican valley. While at the Pawnee village, Pike heard that Lewis and Clarke had safely descended the Missouri river on their return. The star of empire was up and shining.

I may say in passing, that this village, according to tradition, was on the present site of Scandia.

The Pawnees became insolent and thievish; but Pike overawed them by his bearing. He never yielded anything to an Indian.

From the Pawnee town the route bore southwest to the Arkansas. Pike describes the place where he reached the river, as a swampy, low prairie on the north side, and on the south a sandy, sterile desert. The river he describes as five hundred yards wide from bank to bank, the banks not more than four feet high, and thinly covered with cottonwoods.

On the 28th of October the party divided. Lieut. Wilkinson

and party in one canoe, made of four buffalo skins, and two elk skins, and a wooden canoe made of green cottonwood, set sail down the Arkansas. Lieut. Wilkinson took with him four soldiers and two Osages. He had not gone far till he was obliged to abandon the canoes and march on foot, suffering greatly from cold. Lower down, he made some wooden boats, and with great trouble from floating ice and sand-bars, pursued his journey. He reached Arkansas Post on the 9th of January. The navigation of the Arkansas, in winter, is not a success.

Our traveler is now on the shores of the Arkansas. It is the last of October, and snow is falling almost every day. The party has been weakened by the departure of the second in command and a considerable portion of the force. If Pike goes south, he will obey his instructions, and will reach Red river. But he does not go south, but turns his face to the west, and follows the Arkansas. He is going to leave Kansas for Colorado.

Before he goes, let us sum up his opinion of Kansas. He had visited the "Border Tier;" he had seen the valley of the "Great Neosho;" he had crossed the Smoky Hill, and visited the valleys of the Solomon and Republican; and at this present moment, was in the western portion of the great Arkansas valley. And this is what he wrote:

"In this western traverse of Louisiana, the following general observations may be made. From the Missouri to the head of the Osage river, a distance in a straight line of probably three hundred miles, the country will admit of a numerous, extensive and compact population; from thence, on the rivers La Plate, Arkansaw and Kansas, and their various branches, it appears to me only possible to introduce a limited population. The inhabitants would find it most to their advantage to pay their attention to the raising of cattle, horses, sheep and goats, all of which they can raise

in abundance, the earth producing spontaneously sufficient for their support, both in winter and summer, by which means their herds might become immensely numerous; but the wood now in the country would not be sufficient for a moderate population more than fifteen years, and then it would be out of the question to think of using any of it in manufactories, consequently their houses would be built of mud bricks (like those in New Spain); but possibly time may make the discovery of coal mines, which would render the country habitable."

The proud Kansan of 1877 living in a "dobe" hut and tending goats! How was that for a prophecy?

Pike, though not a very devout person, saw something providential in this. He says:

"From these immense prairies may arise one great advantage to the United States, viz., the *restriction* of our population to certain limits, and thereby a continuation of the Union. Our citizens being so prone to rambling, and extending themselves on the frontiers, will, through necessity, be constrained to limit their extent on the west to the borders of the Missouri and Mississippi, while they leave the prairies, incapable of cultivation, to the wandering aborigines of the country."

If Pike were alive now, he might ask himself the question, "Does restriction restrict?"

It must be remembered, however, that Pike was a soldier, not a farmer. That he came into the country directly from the heavy woods of the Osage, which made the prairie seem more desolate; that in marching he kept the high and dry divides; and, furthermore, that nothing could be more monotonous than his method of traveling—creeping along all day between the green earth and the blue sky, or the brown earth and the gray sky, as the case might be, with but two men in the party with whom he could converse on terms of familiarity; harassed by anxiety; frequently at a loss as to his course, and finally lost altogether. It is not

strange that Pike did not indulge in the "gentle zephyr" line of remarks entirely proper to a Kansas real-estate agent of our time.

As Pike is now leaving Kansas, we might now take leave of him, but his brave young life, so quickly sped, was so crowded with incident, that I crave your patience while I mention as briefly as possible what further befell him.

It kept growing colder as he approached the mountains, following, as he did, the course of the Arkansas. He saw, for the first time, wild horses; he saw Indians frequently, and occasionally the trail of the Spanish expedition; and on the 15th of November he saw something else.

"At two o'clock in the afternoon," says he, "I thought I could distinguish a mountain to our right, which appeared like a small blue cloud; viewed it with a spy-glass, and was still more confirmed in my conjecture, yet only communicated it to Dr. Robinson, who was in front with me; but in half an hour it appeared in full view before us. When our small party arrived on the hill, they, with one accord, gave three cheers for the Mexican mountains."

What was before and around Pike at that moment, is thus described by a Kansas writer, once known to us as "Deane Monahan:"

"If you stand upon a certain bluff on the Purgatoire, you will be a spectator of a scene not easily forgotten in future wanderings. Eastward stretches dimly away the winding, sedgy valley of the dreariest river in the West—treeless, sandy, desolate. All around you are the endless undulations of the wilderness. Westward is something you anticipate rather than see—vague, misty forms lying upon the horizon. But while the world is yet dark around and below you, and there is scarce the faintest tinge of gray in the east, if you chance to look northward you see something crimson, high up against the sky. At first it is a roseate glow, shapeless

and undefined. Then it becomes a cloud castle, battlemented and inaccessible, draped in mist, and with a hovering curtain of changing purple. But as it grows whiter and clearer, the vague outlines of a mighty shape appear below it, stretching downward toward the earth. What you see is the lofty pinnacle which has gleamed first in the flying darkness, sun-kissed and glorified in the rosy mornings of all the centuries. *It is Pike's Peak, sixty miles away.*"

Pike measured the altitude of the mountain afterwards named in his honor. He made out its height above the level of the prairie, to be 10,581 feet, and 18,581 feet above the sea. The journal says: "In our wanderings in the mountains from the 14th of November to the 27th of January, it was never out of our sight, except when we were in a valley." Pike, whose nearest approach to the Peak was fifteen miles, believed it to be inaccessible, but climbing it has been an everyday matter since a Kansas woman, Mrs. Julia Archibald Holmes, the first lady who ever attained the summit, set the brave example.

We will not dwell upon the days of cold and hunger which followed, when the emaciated men, clad only in summer clothes, dragged their frosted limbs through the gathering snow, while the poor starved, bruised horses, fell senseless in their tracks. Pike had wandered far from Red river, and pushing to the southwest, reached not that stream, but the Rio Grande del Norte. On the west fork of this stream he erected a stockade according to the principles of military art, for Pike was a soldier in everything, and here he was eventually captured by a force of Spanish troops, being informed that he was in Spanish territory. The party were marched in the direction of Santa Fé. The New-Mexican people were kind to the poor frozen, famished soldiers. At every house the women invited the party to stop and eat, and the old men

caused their daughters to dress the frozen feet of the northern strangers.

Mexico was then a splendid despotism. The blue-blooded Spaniard does not work himself, but he has great executive ability in making other people work. The Indians were reduced to slavery, the lower order of white people were but little better off, and all worked beneath the vigilant eye of the priest and soldier. Yet the country prospered. Those who know Mexico as it is now, can scarcely believe the stories Pike tells of its richness. His story must have sounded like an Arabian tale, in 1806, for at that time Mexico was farther off than Australia is now. Pike saw, at Santa Fé, James Pursley, said to be the first American who had penetrated to that point by way of the great Plains.

Pike was virtually a prisoner, his papers and instruments were taken from him, but he was kindly treated. He was escorted from place to place by a company of dragoons, the detachment being commanded for some time by Lieut. Malgares, who some time before had been looking for him in Kansas. Of this officer, Pike speaks in terms of admiration and affection. Pike never compromised his dignity. As an American soldier, he believed himself the peer of His Most Catholic Majesty the King of Spain. He was met as an equal by the Spanish officers; and so the little party of Americans marched from town to town along the sunny highways of Mexico. Pike received all sorts of presents. The Governor of one province sent him a shirt and neckcloth, with his compliments, wishing him to accept them, as they were made in Spain by his, the Governor's, sister, and had never been worn by any person. Pike and his men, after their terrible sufferings in the mountains, must have hugely enjoyed their trip in Mexico; and our gallant Captain, though said to be indifferent to the

beauty of mountain, vale and stream, appears to have had a good eye for female loveliness. He invariably notices the ladies he met; his general comment being, that, though a trifle too heavy as to weight, they certainly had the finest eyes in the world. Pike seems to have been a great favorite also with the worthy padres of the country, who labored many a time and oft for his conversion to the Catholic religion.

It was on the first day of July, 1807, when, all his wanderings and sufferings and delays past, Pike reached Natchitoches, Louisiana, the point for which he had set out a year before. Here he closes his journal with the words:

"Language cannot express the gayety of my heart when I once more beheld the standard of my country waved aloft! All hail! cried I, the ever-sacred name of country, in which is embraced that of kindred, friends, and every other tie which is dear to the soul of man."

In a letter to General Wilkinson, Pike once said:

"Did not an all-ruling passion sway me irresistibly to the profession of arms and the paths of military glory, I would long since have resigned my sword for the rural cot, where peace, health and content would at least be our inmates."

His desire for advancement was gratified, and he was soon promoted to be major of infantry.

In 1812, five years after Pike's return from the West, the war with Great Britain broke out. It was a stupid war, brought about by the insufferable bullying of the British government, which at that time seemed determined to mix in everybody's affairs, and provoke the united hostility of all creation. We were illy prepared for war. Our leading military men were a lot of old humbugs left over from the Revolution: such was Hull, who surrendered at Detroit; such was Wilkinson, who mismanaged

everything. As a result, the enemy burned our capital, while Admiral Cockburn ravaged the hen-roosts of the Chesapeake. On the water we had generally good success, and modified considerably the opinion that "Britannia rules the waves." On land, our men sometimes stood, as at New Orleans, and sometimes they scampered off, as at Bladensburg. We succeeded in making some generals out of young men like Winfield Scott before the war was over, and so saved ourselves from total disgrace.

Pike hailed the war with enthusiasm. In 1810 he had been placed in command of a regiment of regular infantry, which he drilled after a fashion of his own, in three ranks—the third rank being armed with short guns and pikes, an idea their commander probably got from the lancers he saw in Mexico.

In a short time, though only thirty-four years of age, he was a brigadier-general on the northern frontier.

If you go to the Kansas State library you will find in the dingy, narrow pages of old Hezekiah Niles's Register for the year 1813, the following dedication:

IN TESTIMONY
OF
RESPECT TO THE MEMORY
OF
ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE,
BRIGADIER GENERAL,
WHO FELL GLORIOUSLY BEFORE YORK, IN UPPER CANADA,
AND
JAMES LAWRENCE,
CAPTAIN IN THE NAVY,
KILLED ON BOARD THE CHESAPEAKE, FIGHTING THE SHANNON,
THIS VOLUME OF THE WEEKLY REGISTER IS DEDICATED.
The former happily expired on the conquered flag of the foe: the
latter died exclaiming, "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!"

The story is soon told.

Our troops and fleet, the latter under command of Commodore Chauncy, lay at Sackett's Harbor. On the 25th of April, 1813, the fleet took on board 1,700 men, and sailed for York (now Toronto), a fortified post commanded by General Roger H. Sheaffe, who, by-the-way, was a native of Boston. Pike was in immediate charge of the troops, and, on the morning of the 27th, watched their debarkation from the deck of one of the vessels. Our men, on landing, were met by a sharp fire from a body of British riflemen and Indians. Pike, witnessing the fray, said, "I can't stand this any longer," jumped into a boat, ordering his staff to come on, and pulled for the shore amid a shower of shot. As soon as he reached the shore he formed his line and drove the enemy before him, demolishing a portion of the Eighth Grenadiers, who formed to check him. In a little while Pike reformed his line, and moved on the outer line of works. A heavy battery in front was carried at once. In the meantime a British battery further back was giving some annoyance, and Pike ordered his men to lie down until a couple of light guns could be brought up to silence the enemy's fire. This was done in a few moments, and everything was quiet, awaiting the surrender of the place. Pike had just aided in removing a wounded man, and was seated conversing with a prisoner, when there was a tremendous explosion; the light of day was shut out by a pall of smoke, and the air seemed to rain missiles. The British magazine had been fired. Pike was crushed to the earth by a huge stone; his aid, Capt. Nicholson, was killed by his side, and the forms of two hundred and thirty-two dead and wounded men strewed the ground when the smoke had lifted.

Pike, horribly crushed, but conscious, was taken on board one of the vessels of the American fleet. In time, the British garrison flag, which had been hauled down, was brought to him. He motioned to have the conquered banner placed beneath his head. It was done, and in a moment, the brave young fellow, who first in a Kansas wilderness flung the bright flag of his country to the breeze, and bade a horde of savages to know it and respect it, had passed away.

He was buried with every demonstration of grief and respect, at Sackett's Harbor.

And now, having finished his brief story, let us turn to the wilderness he traversed, and of the future of which he had so little hope, and mark the successive steps of empire.

Pike had lain in his quiet grave six years when the wild woods of the Missouri were startled by a new sound, and the turbid waters of the sullen stream parted before the prow of the first steamboat. Five years more, and as waters rush in when a mill-gate is lifted, the trains moved out on the great road, eight hundred miles long and two hundred feet wide, leading from the Missouri to Santa Fé. Then the wilderness began to blossom, not with roses but with men, soldiers, hunters, explorers, teamsters. In 1827 the drums of the Third Infantry greeted the sun on the beautiful bluff at Leavenworth. Pike's flag had come to stay; and from Fort Leavenworth, like Roderick Dhu's fiery cross, it was carried over the Plains in every direction, by Leavenworth, by Dodge, by Riley, and many more whose names now dot the Western country. In 1842 came Fremont, the Pathfinder, and to the southward the flag rose, a silent reminder to the Osages, at Fort Scott. After the flag came the cross, borne by the Jesuit

fathers, even now quiet old men, spending the evening of their days at Osage Mission. Then came '49, the rush for California; camp-fire answered to camp-fire for a thousand miles, and with the moving throng came Mr. Pike and Mrs. Pike and the children, and "Buck" and "Bright," and "Tige" and "Golden"—and you know the rest.

I cannot close without saying a word more about my hero. His was a most heroic soul. The day before he sailed across Lake Ontario to meet his fate, he wrote to his father:

"I embark to-morrow in the fleet at Sackett's Harbor, at the head of 1,500 choice troops, on a secret expedition. Should I be the happy mortal destined to turn the scale of war, would you not rejoice, oh, my father? May heaven be propitious, and smile on the cause of my country. But if I am destined to fall, may *my* fall be like Wolfe's—to sleep in the arms of victory."

A writer who has visited that quiet spot on the lake shore, where so many years ago they laid him down to sleep, describes the wooden monument erected to his memory and the memory of those who died with him, as a worn, defaced, shattered, broken and forgotten thing. And yet he has another monument, an eternal monument, erected by the hand of God; and may we not hope that in our day, when old stories are being retold; when men are recalling the brave days of old; when history is being written as it never was before, that the name of PIKE may emerge from the mists of forgetfulness, even as comes at sunrise from out the darkness, the brightness and the whiteness, the beauty and the glow of the Peak that bears his name.

THE WORLD A SCHOOL.

THE WORLD A SCHOOL.

IN a State which had elections before it had legal voters; railroads before it had freight and passengers for them; and newspapers before it had printing offices; a State which one of its gifted and honored sons described in a magazine (which rose, fell and faded because it was published before it had readers), as the "hottest, coldest, driest, wettest, thickest, thinnest country in the world," there can be nothing surprising or worthy of apology in the fact that, on an occasion like this, an individual should be selected to speak to classical scholars, who does not himself know one Greek letter from another; and who, so far from knowing anything of the Latin particles, does not know a particle of Latin; that one should be chosen to address, with an implied obligation to instruct, gentlemen who are proficient in the mechanic arts, yet who himself could not construct a symmetrical toothpick, even with the plans and specifications before him; nor that there should be delegated as the "guide, philosopher and friend" of teachers and students of the science of Agriculture one who, should there arise in future times a contest like that

ANNUAL ADDRESS, delivered before the Kansas State Agricultural College, at Manhattan, May 26, 1875.

which has raged over the authorship of the "Letters of Junius," might be put forward as the probable writer of that singular compendium of ignorance, "What I know About Farming," instead of the late Horace Greeley.

While thus disclaiming any necessity for an apology, your orator will not, however, avail himself of ten thousand time-honored precedents, and, after first announcing that he is "entirely unprepared to make a speech," proceed to demonstrate the truth of that preliminary remark to the absolute conviction of everybody; but, avoiding educational bays and inlets which he has never navigated, will head out to the sea which no man owns; which has no beaten paths; over which the man who sails, though it be for the thousandth time, still sails a discoverer—a ten-thousandth edition of Christopher Columbus; and, instead of speaking of this man's books, and of that professor's school, he will speak of a book which no man wrote, and which is not yet completed; he will discourse of a University for which men's schools and colleges and universities are, at the very best, but a slight preparation: and these thoughts and suggestions will be brought together under the general title of "*THE WORLD A SCHOOL.*"

Possibly some may inquire by what process a speaker, confessedly ignorant of many valuable things found in books, and deprived by chance, circumstances, and, in early life, want of inclination to acquire what is commonly called an education, has obtained the knowledge which he proposes to impart; from what store-house, they may ask, does he propose to draw his facts and inferences? The reply is, that this qualification and these facts and applications are obtained through what is itself an educa-

tional process, although it is never mentioned in the educational journals, or discussed at the teachers' institutes, or supervised by that oppressive mystery, the Bureau of Education at Washington; and this sort of education is called in America and by Americans, "Knocking About."

The course varies with every scholar, and occupies various periods of time. With most Americans it lasts from early manhood, sometimes from early boyhood, to the end of life. It is the fate of very few to graduate early; to find some sailor's snug-harbor where they may ponder over what they learned, and be knocked about no more. The students of Knock About University cannot locate on the map the seat of that institution; it has no special post-office address. Like love, it is found in the camp, the court, the field and the grove. The student resides at no particular boarding-house; and, as I have said before, the course varies with each student, though the course is by no means optional, since the student frequently pursues branches which he does not fancy; and, indeed, instances are of record where the course has suddenly ended at the branch of a tree. In the course of his studies the student may be transported from the banks of the Ohio to those of the Sacramento, and thence to the James. He may be transferred from the society of students of the Septuagint to that of the professors of the seven-shooter. He may become in turn, or be all at once, a preacher, a newspaper correspondent, and a soldier. He may be at the same time a member of a presbytery and of a general's staff, and perform at once, and in different ways, the functions of an ambassador of Heaven and of the Sanitary Commission. To-day he may be learning to set type, and to-morrow building a church; to-day he may be fear-

lessly denouncing sin and wickedness, and day after to-morrow fighting a narrow-gauge railroad. In none of these pursuits is he adhering to what I am informed is called a "curriculum;" and in the prosecution of these various labors he may not open a text-book for weeks together. And yet, he is all the time acquiring knowledge which mortal man never yet extracted from between the covers of any book ever written by man. In these years his hands are hardening for the work they have yet to do; his shoulders are widening for the burden they have yet to bear; his sinews are strengthening for the race he has yet to run; his heart is enlarging for those he has yet to embrace in its sympathies; and his mind is acquiring that breadth and force, vigor and clearness which will at last be required in the instruction of—it may be *you*, young ladies and gentlemen! It is hardly necessary for me to say that the rough sketch I have just drawn is not intended as the outline of an autobiography. Far less useful and brilliant has been the career of your fellow-student of the evening. And yet it may be, that even in the experience of years spent in the enforced wanderings of a common soldier; of other years passed even in the humbler walks of a profession created within a century or two, specially to record day by day the progress of this busy world; of years filled in with a mass of reading, even though careless and unsystematic;—it may be that, in all these years, some knowledge which may be imparted to others has been acquired of that world which Shakspeare says is all a stage, but which, for this evening, we will consider is all a school.

If there is any one thing that there has been a settled endeavor to impress upon the minds of the students of this Kansas State Agricultural College, it is, that neither at this nor any other insti-

tution of learning, neither at Manhattan, nor at Göttingen, nor Tübingen, nor at any other place that ends in "ingen," can be acquired what some people are pleased to call a "finished" education. This institution does not, if I correctly understand its purposes, teach the young idea how to shoot. It merely endeavors to furnish him with powder and shot, and expects him to do his own shooting! All that is learned here is, as I understand it, only intended as a preparation for the student who is going out to become a gownsman, as the English would say, in that great university, the World.

I say "going out into the world," and I use the expression advisedly. The young man or woman who has passed twenty years of life, who has known something of struggle and toil, incurred possibly to avail himself or herself of the advantages of this very institution, may think that he or she is already in the midst of the great world; but this is hardly the case. New York harbor is a part of the ocean; the water is salt and sometimes rough; and the breeze that blows over it is fresh and strong, and the tide rises and falls; but no ships are ever seen under full sail in its waters. They are towed about by steam tugs, and it is only when you are outside of the Narrows, and the tug has cast off and the pilot is gone, that you are at sea; and the difference is, that from that time, on her journey through light and darkness, through sunshine and storm, near the low reef or sunken rock, for thousands of miles, until the once-familiar stars are gone and even the heavens are strange, the good ship must care for herself alone. For days she sails the lonely deep, nor sees the faintest glimmering of a friendly sail. When the sky grows black, the waves grow white, and the vessel rolls and groans like

a sick man in his sleep, she cannot run into a friendly harbor; her salvation depends on her keeping off-shore. If there are defects in her construction, if she is ill-manned, or if her rigging is worn when she leaves port, she cannot return to mend these defects. Courage and skill on the part of the officers must repair damages and provide against calamity. But there is no going back. She is at sea.

And this it is that makes going out from an institution like this really going out into the world, because it marks the limit between dependence and self-help. The student here obeys rules and regulations prescribed by others; he reads books placed in his hands by others; he receives opinions, to some extent, because they are promulgated by authority: but when he steps out of these bounds, all this ceases. He is his own man then. A Frenchman, relating an experience in England, and illustrating the omnipresence of the English officers of the law, said: "I was alone with God—and a policeman." And so the newly-graduated is alone in the world—with a diploma.

That diploma is a good thing. Your speaker wishes he possessed one: he would prize it, even though it were written in newspaper English. But, after all, the parchment only tells what has been done—and it does not always tell the whole truth about that. In a healthy soldier's discharge from the service are the words, "No objection to his being reënlisted is known to exist." I imagine that sentence might be written with propriety on an occasional diploma. The graduate might go back and go through the course again, without injury. But, admitting that the diploma has been well and fairly earned, it is only an evidence of work worthily done, so far—of a good beginning. It is, at

the best, a certificate that John Smith or Jane Smith, as the case may be, has made a good start toward acquiring an education, and is prepared, as far as the institution conferring the diploma can furnish a preparation, for entrance in that greater, higher school, the World.

And right here, over the question what sort of preparation should be furnished, has been fought the battle of the educators. It is over this that the great educational gods have kept "this dreadful pother o'er our heads;" it is over this that it has thundered all around the sky; it is over this that usually mild-mannered men have shot wrathful glances through their gold-bowed spectacles, while every fold of their white neckcloths swelled with indignation. The result of the battle has been the establishment of two varieties of colleges: one teaching the classics, and conferring the information that "Achilles' wrath" was "to Greece the direful spring of woes unnumbered," and also furnishing the truly gratifying information that Major General Zenophon, with ten thousand men, has fallen back from Richmond to the Chickahominy, and now has the enemy just where he wants him; and the other variety teaching the modern languages, natural sciences, agriculture and the trades. Possibly this may not be an exactly accurate statement of the case, but it must be taken as the account given by a passing reporter who took no part in the row himself.

But, seriously, men must take the world as they find it, and what kind of a world does the graduate find when he leaves the halls he has paced so long? Is it like an old-fashioned college? The sinking heart of many a young man as he has stood in the midst of the surging, careless, seemingly selfish, rude, well-nigh merciless crowd for the first time, has told him that the world is

no green college campus; that the men he must meet day in and day out, with whom and from whom he must earn his daily bread, are not professors or students; are not men of culture; that they are not interested in the woes of Greece, but are vastly concerned about their own woes, their own business and their own dinners. Stand where meet the thronged ways in a great city, and notice what men carry in their hands, under their arms, or in their breast pockets, and you will find out something about this world. Here goes a painter with his bucket of white lead; there goes a carpenter with his square; here passes an Italian with a board on his head, covered with plaster-of-Paris figures; here, one after another, pass a dozen clerks with pencils over their ears, and bits of paper in their hands and papers sticking out of their pockets; shop-boys pass repeatedly with bundles; here walks a round-shouldered chap with the end of his right thumb and finger discolored and worn off a little—he is a printer, and takes a brass composing-rule out of his pocket and puts it back again; men pass with hods, with mortar-boards, with trowels; there may pass once in a while a young gentleman, a smile irradiating his classical features—that is a reporter, going to congratulate with the coroner over an approaching inquest.

This little panorama shows how men live; how you, my friend, with the bright and shining diploma, must live. Suppose you wish to find out what these men know. Quote, if you please, something from Homer, in the original Greek; something affecting; the best thing there is in the book about Achilles' wrath and the woes of Greece. Try this on the most intelligent-looking man who passes, and if he is a Kansas man—as he probably will be, if he looks uncommonly intelligent—he will look at you in a

pitying way, and remark that it is a burning shame that the Insane Asylum at Osawatomie was not enlarged, or a new one built, years ago. It is evident that the gentleman does not know Greek. And if you will look further, you will find before long a man in the crowd who cannot translate the simplest Latin sentence, who, nevertheless, has a diploma at home written in that language. But the trouble is, that shortly after his graduation, the exigencies of life obliged him to cease to trouble his head about how long Catiline intends to abuse our patience, and, abandoning all concern about the woes of Greece, he went into the soap-grease line of business. A few moments, then, passed where men can be seen about their ordinary vocations, shows us that the world, which we have said is a school, is likewise an Industrial School. A vast majority of men are engaged in industrial pursuits, and this, too, without regard to the circumstances of their early education. To this complexion men must come at last.

Admitting this to be true, and it most certainly is true, what sort of preparatory school is the best for a young man or young woman who must, in time, enter this great industrial school, the World? The question is easily answered. The preparatory school should be the same, in kind, as the advanced department. It should be what the Boston Latin school has so long been to Harvard. Common sense, to be plain about it, indicates that the transfer should be from the primary industrial school.

But some people say the office of colleges and universities is not to prepare young men and women for the rugged vocations of life, but to impart to them mental culture. Culture is good; but the question arises, What is the best culture? A man might take a quarter-section of raw prairie, break it, harrow it, and

finally seed it down to marigolds; and that would be culture. The result would be beautiful. A thing of beauty and a joy, till frost comes, would be that field of marigolds. What eye would not kindle when "jocund day stood tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops," pointing with rosy fingers to those one hundred and sixty acres of glowing, golden marigolds? But the man owning the adjoining quarter breaks up the prairie sod and puts the entire tract in onions—and *that* would be culture, too. The onion is not an aristocratic vegetable; it is not admitted into good society. When the opera house is a blaze of light; when the wealth of empires glitters in diamonds on necks of snow; when the echoes of delicious music fill the high hall, and the vast drop-curtain as it falls trembles responsive to the applause that swells from parquet, boxes and galleries, no admirer ever throws at the feet of the child of genius, the embodiment of beauty and melody, a dewy bouquet of fresh-culled onions. And yet, to return to the kind of culture in the prairie, public sentiment, leaning over the rail fence and commenting on the two quarter-sections, goes with the raiser of onions; applauds the thoroughness of his culture; remarks the admirable condition of the ground and the absence of weeds: and the man of onions goes down to his house justified rather than the other. I confess that I am a partisan as between marigolds and onions. I am an ultra onion man, myself.

But, leaving this discussion, it is to be taken for granted, students of the Kansas State Agricultural College, that you have made up your minds to cast in your lot with an institution which can say to you when you leave it for the last time: "Go, my son, go, my daughter; I have done all I could for you: would that it were more. I do not send you forth filled with dreams and

visions. The world is a working world, as I have told you often, and I have fitted you as best I could to begin that work. You, my son, may not rise to what the world calls distinction. It may not be yours, the ‘applause of listening Senates to command,’ but you may, please God, live honestly and worthily, and eat the bread your own hands have earned. And you, my daughter, go hence, freed from woman’s bane and curse—an ignorant helplessness; you go with skillful, trained fingers, and an honest heart, into a world that has need of you and such as you.”

Graduated from this school and entered upon that other school, the World, who, what, where, are the teachers? They are around, above, beneath you; they are yourself, man and nature. He who hath ears to hear, let him hear in the world the myriad voices that speak to him. Let him find the “tongues in trees, the books in running brooks, the good in everything,” of which the self-taught Shakspeare wrote. But time passes; we cannot call the roll of the faculty of the University of the World, and so I make a few suggestions addressed more particularly to the graduating class, and those who are soon to follow them. There is a phrase, I believe it is called a “slang phrase”—though whose function it is to say what is slang and what is not, I do not know—but the phrase runs this way: “Be good to yourself.” It is not an exhortation to selfishness—men don’t need that. It means respect yourself, take care of and do not squander yourself. You will find that if you are not good to yourself, no one else will be good to you. You owe no apology to anyone for being here. You have as good a natural right to a front seat as any boy or girl who goes to the World’s School.

This institution, I am informed by the President and members

of the Faculty, is not intended for the exclusive production of Presidents of the United States, nor does it guarantee to its graduates situations in the United States Senate; but it is well enough for young gentlemen to remember that genuine distinction is to be attained in the line of agriculture and the mechanic arts. As an illustration of the dignity of agricultural pursuits, you often hear the quotation, that "he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, is a public benefactor." The whole paragraph, which may be found in Gulliver's Travels, is still more striking. It reads: "And he gave it for his opinion, that whosoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

You see, then, that the raising of two blades of grass will make you of more value than the whole race of politicians; and, in my opinion, if you raise but one blade the result will still be the same. But, indeed, in the field of agricultural discovery there still seems to be boundless room. The books say that neither Indian corn, potatoes, squashes, carrots nor cabbages were known in England until after the sixteenth century. Who knows how many new vegetables are yet to be invented or improved? Fame may have something in store for you in that line. Your name may yet be carved on the perfect watermelon of the future. Old men can remember the advent of nearly every improved agricultural implement which we now consider indispensable. It is the happy combination of farmer and mechanic who is yet to achieve triumphs in the field of agricultural invention. Then, there is the great vocation of teaching agriculture and the mechanic arts,

in schools established for that purpose. This is new ground. The school established in Switzerland by Fellenberg, counted the first, or among the first, agricultural schools, was founded in 1806, less than seventy years ago; and most of the work in that line has been done since 1844—and still the surface of the ground has only been scratched. To those who have a genuine literary talent, a readiness in the use of written words, an ability to tell things so that people will read them, and, combined with this, have a practical knowledge of the subject of agriculture, I can say that, in the opinion of those who do not write on agricultural subjects, there is much to be done. A great deal is written on agricultural questions which is regarded by a careless and hard-hearted world as the perfection of balderdash—the sublimated quintessence of moonshine. But is there not some one to be for this country and this time what Arthur Young was for England at the close of the last century? A bold and bright man was Arthur Young. His account of a tour in France, prior to the outbreak of the French Revolution, is quoted, by every historian of that struggle, as a most faithful picture of the brutalized and degraded condition of the oppressed French peasantry, which led to the final explosion. Said Young, in the account of his tour: "The fields are scenes of pitiable management, as the houses are of misery. To see so many millions of hands that would be industrious, all idle and starving. Oh, if I were legislator of France, for one day, I would make these great lords skip again." Thus wrote Arthur Young, farmer, reporter of the *Morning Post*, tourist, political writer, and correspondent of Washington. He wrote many books, among them a work on Ireland and its agricultural condition and resources. The material for a portion of this work was collected in

1776, just one hundred years ago, and it is still quoted by the latest writers on Ireland. Young wrote, not only what he knew himself, but what others found out. The cattle-breeding experiments of Robert Bakewell, who was not himself a writer, were described and commended by Young. Who of the graduates of this institution will be *our* Arthur Young, to write agricultural books to be read a hundred years hence, and have it said of him, "He will be illustrious in all succeeding days, as long as the profit of the earth is for all, and the king himself is served by the field"?

To those who propose to follow the mechanic arts, it is unnecessary to say that it is the skillful mechanic rather than the soldier who now goes where glory waits him. This is the mechanic's age. He is the reigning monarch now, and we all take off our hats to him. He is the Prospero of this our island, and steam is the monster Caliban that does his bidding. I doubt if there is a man before me who would not rather wear the laurels of Capt. Eads, the designer of that wonderful bridge at St. Louis, than to be President of the United States.

You enter the World's School, then, under favorable auspices, and it remains only that you improve your opportunities; and let me say that you cannot always tell from appearances who is capable of instructing you. The teachers of the World's School are not always in uniform. For instance: your orator undertook, one day, to air the nautical knowledge he had obtained by a study of Mr. Fennimore Cooper's sailors, who are only equaled in naturalness by his Indians, and, in about five seconds, had his ignorance set in order before his face by the gentleman he was kindly endeavoring to instruct. But who would have thought

that the quiet gentleman in a frock coat, writing in an office, with a pencil over his ear, had really followed the sea for years? Such, however, happened to be the exact situation. You will find that rough-looking men, illiterate men, in fact, are often exceedingly well posted on some one or two things. If you ignore such you will lose something. And this you will discover: that men and women with naturally good minds, but who, from ignorance of writing, are unable to keep a diary, journal or memoranda of any kind, have frequently a very tenacious memory of matters which have come under their personal observation. The true method of investigation is that pursued by the newspaper reporter, who forms no theory in advance, but, on his arrival at the scene of a fire or a fight, takes the statements of all within reach, without regard to "age, sex, or previous condition of servitude." In the World's School, unless you are willing to accept all available information from all possible sources, you will never be a good scholar.

There is a maxim, often quoted in connection with education, viz.: that "half a loaf is better than no bread;" but I may also be allowed to remark that one blade of a pair of scissors is precious little better than no scissors at all, and so it is not well in this world to devote a year of precious time to a study which cannot be mastered in twenty years. Take, for instance, phonography, one of the many systems of short-hand. A knowledge of this art — by which I mean the art of verbatim reporting and nothing else — while doubtless a good thing to have, is not a prime necessity to one man or woman in ten thousand. The mass of reporters and writers for the press get along without it, and many of the best reporters who have ever lived were unacquainted with it.

Yet how many thousands of people, who really had no occasion to study it, have wasted time and money in the attempted acquisition. How many thousands, deceived by the ease with which the theory of phonography is understood, have gone far enough to discover that they could not get practice enough in all the leisure hours of Methusaleh to make them good short-hand reporters. A pile of double-ruled paper as large as this room could be constructed of the note-books of people who, after months of practice, have found they could not report even the slowest sermon, and on trying it found themselves struggling with the pot-hooks which represent "My beloved brethren and sisters," when they should have been making a crooked mark for "Amen." These people have simply tried to make a century plant bloom at two years old, that's all. Had they been wise they would have devoted their two years to something that can be learned reasonably well—well enough to be used—in two years. Newspaper men, who really may be supposed to need phonography, as I have said, get along without it. They find it easier, in many instances, to sit comfortable while the entirely original, unpremeditated and impromptu discourse is being delivered, and then, approaching the speaker after he has concluded his remarks, hear him say, "Why, my dear sir, I was not expecting to have my hasty remarks appear in print, but if it would be an accommodation to you, I can let you have the heads of my address—just a synopsis, you know." Whereupon he proceeds to draw from his right-hand coat-tail pocket the complete manuscript.

The remarks made on the subject of phonography apply also to ineffectual or insufficient efforts to acquire a knowledge of the violin, and especially the flute. In regard to the latter instrument

especially, not only self-interest but humanity to the neighbors demands that you should not waste your time in abortive tootings. If you feel it your duty to retire for a season from the haunts of men, and, forsaking everything else, cleave only to the flute until you become its master, it is well; but do not under any other circumstances touch that instrument.

Having warned you not to attempt the mastery of really desirable accomplishments unless you are sure that you have the aptitude and the leisure for their perfect acquirement, let me earnestly entreat you not to commit the great error of wasting golden hours in the discussion of matters which are of no vital importance. Beware of societies for the diffusion of useless knowledge; assemblages of people who know nothing, to discuss matters of which nobody knows anything. Remember that the Almighty is the only being who is omniscient, the claims of various learned societies to the contrary notwithstanding. There are some things you will never know, and it is a good plan not to rack your brains over those things. The exact age of this world, for instance, can never be ascertained. Do not worry your mind by efforts to fix the precise hour in the forenoon at which the process of creation began. In these days when "science" is talked about by gentlemen whose knowledge of the correct spelling of the word science is a recent acquirement, I know it is dangerous to disparage what is called "scientific investigation." To speak lightly of such, exposes the speaker to the danger of being called "ignorant" by people who spell it with two g's; but still I will risk this frightful calamity by expressing the conviction that years devoted to labor which results at last, not in the discovery of a fact in nature, but merely in the elaboration of a theory, are

wasted years. "What shall it profit a man?" is, after all, the question. What does it profit a man to handle over a large number of skulls, and shout with rapture when he finds a monkey's skull which resembles his own? He cannot know, after all, that that particular monkey was his relative. The glow of family pride which comes over him at first is soon damped by the dreary reflection that there may be a mistake somewhere; that the depression in the monkey's forehead which gives it its startling resemblance to his own may be exceptional, may have been the result of accident in youth, a blow from a cocoanut in the hands of an irate parent, or something of the kind.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

And the paths of this sort of "scientific investigation" lead us into the mazes of painful uncertainty. Our ancestral gorilla eludes our grasp like the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth. And if he did not, what then? Is there any present or practical good to be attained by dwelling on his merits or demerits, or in tracing painfully the line which leads from us to him—realizing, perhaps, that of late years the family has degenerated?

But somebody, not a scientist, may ask, "Do you declaim against all investigation of the mysteries of Nature?" Certainly not. Consider the grasshopper, how he grows. He is a mystery. Whence he cometh and whither he goeth, we cannot tell. Find out, if you can, why a miserable insect which a child can crush beneath its foot ravages whole States, while man, with all his boasted resources, seems powerless to resist him. Mysteries! secrets! if you would investigate them, the world is full of them. The forces of nature, electricity and the rest, have existed from

the beginning, but how long has man known of their power?—how much does he know now? The lightning flashed before the blinded eyes of Adam, but how long since the electric spark became not the terror but the friend of man? Steam curled up from the kettle of Tubal Cain, but how long since man knew how strong were the shoulders of the imprisoned vapor which now bears so many burdens? Charcoal lay in the ashes of the first fire kindled by man on the earth; nitre formed on the walls of the cave, and sulphur lurked in the earth: but how long since man knew that these substances, harmless apart, were, linked together, a black conspirator who without warning can tear a city or a mountain to fragments? No man can say that further investigation on these lines will reveal nothing. How long is it since gunpowder, supposed to be the most powerful of all explosive substances, was found to be to nitro-glycerine what a boy's strength is to a man's? Investigation! there is room for enough of that to fill the next thousand years, during which the question of our primitive gorilla-hood can be suffered to rest.

In the World's School, as in the district school, a great hindrance to study is too much whispering, too much noise, too much talk. The present age demands and admires action—not words. Said an intelligent gentleman, speaking the other evening of the British House of Commons: "A great orator is a great nuisance and a great bore." It will, I think, be so considered in this country some day. It is certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished. If any of these young ladies or gentlemen have a habit of keeping still until they have something to say, they can rest easy in the belief that the world is coming round to their

fashion. I think even now if Demosthenes were living, and were to repeat his experiment of the pebbles, he would meet with little sympathy. At this time, and I may remark, in this State, where we are so little advanced in the practice of Agriculture—the oldest of human vocations—that the failure of a single crop reduces us to the condition of Indians when the buffalo fails to put in an appearance, and a piteous cry for “aid” goes up from one end of the State to the other—in such a State there is little time for speech-making. The world needs, nay more, will have, men of action, not of mere words, either spoken or printed. A volume of speeches is not a very enduring monument, generally a fading and perishable one; a fine bridge, a noble aqueduct, a row of tenement houses, built by generosity, not avarice, a beautiful farmhouse—such are the monuments men should leave behind them. It is the impatience of the world with talk that leads to Carlyle’s “Hero Worship,” and such grim books as his Cromwell and Frederick; and who that reads these books does not imbibe a feeling of respect for men of action, rather than the men of pamphlets, speeches and proclamations? Who, whatever may be his idea of the career, as a whole, of the first Napoleon, does not, in reading that last chapter save one in Carlyle’s “French Revolution,” stand an admirer of that young artillery officer, Bonaparte by name, as he stands amid his guns at four o’clock in the afternoon of that October day, waiting the approach of that bloody mob of Paris who succeeded as rulers those “great lords” whom Arthur Young hated? They are moving forty thousand strong; their stray shot rattle on the staircase of the Tuileries; they are very near. “Whereupon, thou bronze artillery officer? ‘Fire!’

say the bronze lips." Roar and roar again go his great guns, and "it was all over by six," said citizen Bonaparte in his report. The mob which had cut off the heads of many speech-makers had met at last a man of action.

And yet, what is called a "talent for affairs" is not inconsistent with the possession of a kindly spirit, manifesting itself outwardly and visibly in perfect courtesy. Some of the busiest men I have known always found time to be civil. In the World's School you will find that your progress and happiness depend much upon your treatment of your fellow-students. The nineteenth is a good century for firm men; it is a bad one for bullies—even of the pious variety. Lord Chesterfield was never wiser than when he exhorted his son always to be the friend, but never the bully, of virtue. This you may depend upon, that you may lead your class but you will never drive it, except, perhaps, after the manner of the Irishman's horse, of which his enthusiastic owner exclaimed, "Bedad, he's driving everything before him!" As you cannot safely domineer over your fellows, so you may be sure you cannot long deceive them. The stolen composition will be found in your desk; the plagiarized speech will be detected. Blinder than the blindest bat that fluttered in dark Egypt's deepest darkness are those who put not their trust in God or man, but in tricks. Little traps, set by little men, are daily knocked to pieces beneath the very noses of their sagacious contrivers, and the world's derisive laughter rings out at "Strategy, my boy!"

This, then, in your intercourse with your fellow-students of this world, is the chief end of life: to be a gentleman; and this includes the ladies, for a lady is but the feminine of a gentleman. To be a gentleman you have the world's encouragement, nay

more, you have an angelic warrant; for what says Thackeray in the "End of the Play:"

"A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays,)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days.
The shepherds heard it overhead,
The joyful angels raised it then;
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men."

But I must not keep you here listening to words which, after all, may not be worth your remembrance, and which, in the hurly-burly of that world which soon, very soon, will open up before the youngest here, you will scarcely find time to remember; and yet the blessing and benediction of any human being, even that of the sightless beggar by the wayside, is worth the having.

Young men, young women, crowding forward from the byways into the broad highway of life, may you do well the work that is waiting for your hands, realizing the obligation spoken of by Lord Bacon: "I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto."

May your lives resemble not the desert's bitter stream, which mocks the cracked and blistered lips of the fainting, dying traveler; which but adds horror to the fiery desert, and sinks at last into the burning sands, to which it brought no verdure, no gladness—from which it received nothing but poison and a grave.

May the course of your lives find no counterpart in the sluggish course of the dull bayou, a fungus among streams, which winds and doubles and winds again through miles of rank vegetation, which

curtain its dark course, and shut out from its sullen waters the gladsome light of day; a waveless, tideless stream, in which reptiles of hideous shape crawl and glide and swim, and which at night seems to lie still in the darkness and listen to doleful and mysterious voices. May none of you ever live isolated from your kind, like those lakes which lurk amid dark, once-volcanic mountains, with no visible inlet or outlet; deep, self-contained, solitary, giving back no reflection save the dim images of scorched and barren rocks, and splintered peaks; lakes on which nothing lives or floats, which hide forever in their dark bosoms everything cast into them.

But may your lives be like the river which rises amid the pure snows of the bold mountain; which, hurling itself over the cliffs, answers back the wild, free eagle's scream; which forces its way through the rocks that would impede it in its search for the valley; which slakes as it goes the thirst of the deer, and washes the roots of the pine tree from which the flag of the far-sailing merchantmen is yet to fly; which turns the rude wheel of the mountain mill, and whirls in its eddies the gathering sawdust as it speeds from under the whirring, glittering teeth of steel it has bidden to rend the logs it has brought them. It grows wider and deeper, and more silent and yet stronger, as it flows between smiling farms and thrifty villages which owe their existence to the bounteous river. At night it sends its mist over all the valley and half-way up the hills, like sweet Charity, who silently wraps in her sheltering mantle all the sons of men. It carries on its bosom all floating craft—the light canoe, the slowly-drifting raft, the arrow-like steamer. In time, its wavelets give back at night, in dancing gleams, the thousand lights of the great cotton mill,

and, anon, its waters part before the prow of the new-built ship, as she glides down the ways to the element which is henceforth to be her home. Thus goes the shining river, the ever-useful, ever-blessed river; best friend of toiling man; fairest thing from the creative hand of God;—thus goes the river, to mingle at last forever with the sun-lit sea.

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